

**GISELE
MACKENZIE**

tells her own story

COVER BY PETER WHALLEY

Bruce Hutchison
reports on Japan

Karsh photographs
Cardinal Léger at Mass

MACLEAN'S

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CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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A word
with special
meaning
for truck men:

BALANCE

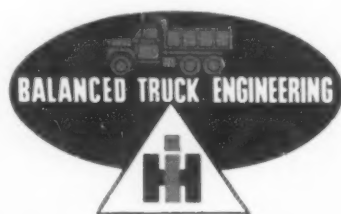


A truck is a combination of many complex components. Each component must be engineered to the highest standards of efficiency and endurance. All must be *balanced* to each other if the *whole* truck is to give year after year of reliable service.

International *balanced* truck engineering is the result of long, specialized experience in designing and building trucks.

Balanced truck engineering begins on the drawing board. Through every step of production—from design and testing of individual components to the final assembly of the whole truck—the practical needs of the Canadian truck operator are kept constantly in mind.

Result? International Trucks are built to *work* and built to *last*—because they're built by *truck* men.



INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

Built, sold and serviced by truck men

PREVIEW

A LOOK AT TOMORROW IN TERMS OF TODAY

- ✓ Employers take aim on high-school grads
- ✓ Newspapers: 1, Out on Sunday 2, Food for cows



SOME OF THE RAH-RAH and spectacle traditionally associated with football may be moving into the hockey arena. The Senior A Pla-Mors of Moose Jaw, Sask., and the Junior A Moose Jaw Canucks dolled up their games with half a dozen short-skirted, cha chaing cheerleaders this season and other western teams followed suit. Look for it in the east next year.

THE "MAD RACE FOR OUR COLLEGE GRADUATES" is creeping into the high schools. Last year, two young Oxonians who'd done the same thing successfully in the U. K. launched a "Canada Careers Directory," in which 55 employers (from the federal civil service with 150,000 on its payroll to Merit Insurance with 340) bought space to describe themselves to the college class of '60. Its 15,000 copies were snapped up, the publishers report. This year, they're doing the same thing for high-school grads and the sponsors are "just as eager to get to them." The new book should be out in May.

LONG TOUTED (BY ITS OWN BOOSTERS) as the "Sun Parlor of Canada," the almost-snowless southwest Ontario country around Leamington is slowing at least one annual migration to the sunny southern U. S. More than 100 of Canada's top harness race-horses (from Montreal's Blue Bonnets and Richelieu tracks) are wintering at Leamington's fair grounds this year. No wonder. The stables who tried it last year did as well in early season meetings as those who wintered further south, but their horses didn't slow down in mid-season — a trouble that's always plagued owners who went to Florida.

What will the next president think about Canada?

FEW EVENTS outside the country this year will affect Canada as much as the election of the 35th president of the United States. Right now, the race is among six men — one Republican (Nixon) whose nomination is virtually assured and five Democrats now manoeuvring to be their party's choice. Whichever of them wins on Nov. 8, there'll be

some changes in the views of the White House toward Canada. What changes? Maclean's asked Washington reporter C. Knowlton Nash to take a list of specific questions to all six candidates. Five shrugged them off — in an election year, voters are more important than neighbors. Their excuses ranged from Adlai Stevenson's "too busy traveling,"

to Richard Nixon's "no opportunity." Hubert Humphrey answered willingly.

But each of them has recorded his views on crucial-to-Canada issues earlier, either in office or during previous campaigns.

Here, culled from their speeches and voting records, is how the candidates stood on questions of importance to Canada.

THE ISSUES	SENATOR JOHN F. KENNEDY	SENATOR LYNDON JOHNSON	SENATOR STUART SYMINGTON	SENATOR HUBERT HUMPHREY	ADLAI STEVENSON	VICE-PRESIDENT RICHARD NIXON
1. The Seaway.	For it — hesitantly.	Has opposed it.	Backed it all along.	Voted yes in Senate.	Strong advocate.	Was for it.
2. Continuing importance of NORAD.	No opinion on record about joint defense.	Has never said a word on it.	Thinks U. S. spends too much on NORAD.	"Both NORAD and NATO merit support."	No public comments.	Would likely downgrade NORAD.
3. What to do about the huge U. S. farm surplus.	Would sell and barter. Voted for cutting down some imports.	Favors high price supports. Voted against restricting imports.	Favors high price supports. But against restricting farm imports.	Keenest on moving it out. Against restricting imports.	For the present program and for relatively high price supports.	Against high price supports.
4. Reciprocal trade.	Against making current act permanent, but for extensions.	Perhaps more liberal than Kennedy. Against making act permanent.	About the same as Johnson.	Voted for making act permanent and for every extension.	A strong believer — nearly as strong as Humphrey.	A liberal record, about like Johnson and Symington.
5. Should Chicago divert more Great Lakes water?	Record indicates he'd let diversion go through.	Same as Kennedy.	Voted against killing the diversion.	"Wouldn't be justified without Canada-U. S. majority agreement."	No public comment, but he comes from Illinois.	No public comment but he'd likely favor it.

NEWEST HOBBY on — or under — a continent where leisure-sated amateurs are diving out of aircraft and clambering to the depths of dripping caves: sport submarines. Two 12-footers, made of steel, will be on display at a New York show this spring. They'll go underwater (at 6 knots) for two hours. Price: about \$2,500. In Vancouver they're talking about building a two-man sub out of plastic. Is it legal? The Department of Transport has no precedent. "I guess there's no law against it if they obey small-craft safety rules," one official told Maclean's.

METROPOLITAN NEWSPAPERS who apparently gave up hope of successful Sunday editions when the Toronto Telegram folded its attempt (after 20 issues) in 1957, are watching a project just launched in Montreal. Two young salesmen there — leaning on Quebec's "lively Sunday" tradition — are backing the Montreal Sunday News, an English-language weekly tabloid whose first edition should be out this month. The News will be sold for a dime at newsstands Sunday mornings. Its founders (one's the son of an Irish weekly publisher) have one happy precedent. Dimanche Matin, a French-language weekly started in Montreal six years ago with a circulation of 12,000, is now pressing 150,000 a week.



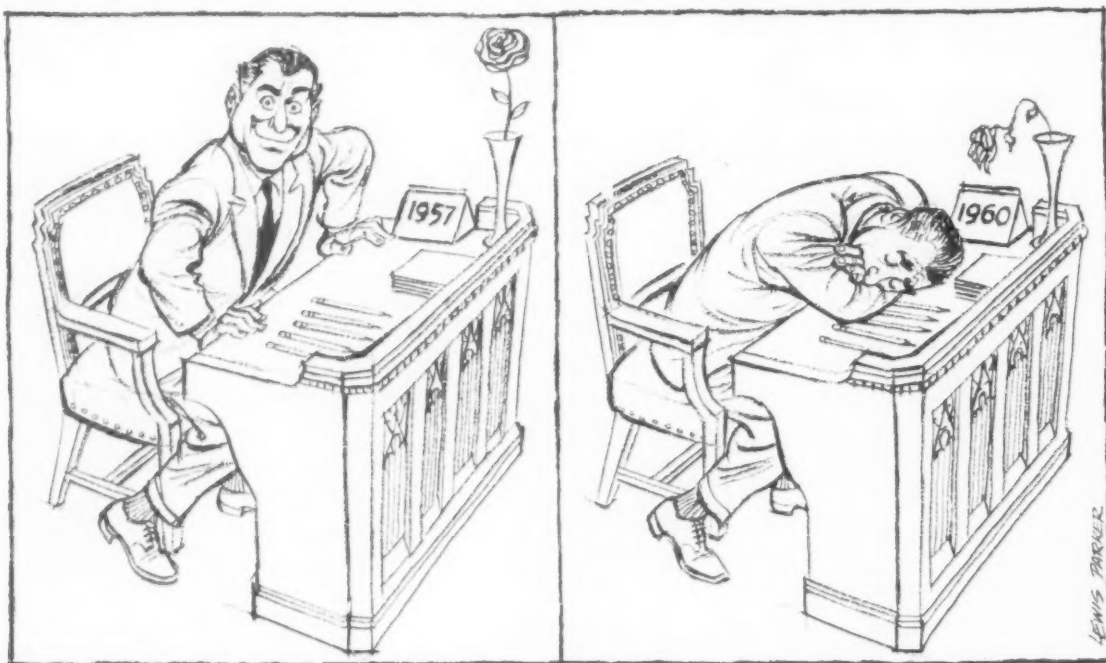
KID BROTHER TO WATCH: Recently nominated B. C. Tory candidate Torquil Macleod. A younger and handsomer edition of British colonial secretary Iain Macleod, he'll contest the riding of Salmon Arm in the provincial election expected this year. Local Conservatives are already touting garage-owner Macleod as provincial leader — if Deane Finlayson is beaten at the polls and carries out his promise to resign.

WHILE PROFESSIONAL CANADIAN PLAYWRIGHTS are making ever-bigger headlines (Patricia Joudry's just sold her latest to Hollywood for a possible \$250,000) at least one amateur is getting international recognition too. He's Edward Procnier, a 32-year-old Newfoundlander now teaching high-school English in Brantford, Ont., whose Two Sides of Darkness is the first Canadian play to make Beacon Press's annual anthology of The Ten Best Short Plays. "Darkness" was produced by amateurs in Brantford and London, Ont.

WHAT TOMORROW'S COWS MAY EAT AIN'T HAY. It's newsprint — much like what you're reading now. UBC animal husbandry professor A. J. Wood's tests aren't complete yet, but here's the basic idea behind his experiments: Papers, which contain a high proportion of cellulose (so does hay), are made into pellets, with a few other nutrients added. Lower B. C. mainland farmers could cut costs by using the new feed — if it works — instead of paying high freight rates on Alberta grain.

BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

with Blair Fraser



THE BACKBENCHERS' UNEMPLOYMENT PROBLEM

They're able, anxious and bored stiff

HOW CAN USEFUL WORK be found for the private member of parliament?

No one has put it so bluntly, but that is the question underlying recent discussion of new rules for the House of Commons. No party has opposed the prime minister's suggestion that the rules be revised once again, but even his supporters show a rather muted enthusiasm. The reason is a widespread doubt, especially among Conservative backbenchers, that any mere change of procedure will be enough.

Opposition members have grievances too. They consider themselves underpaid, under-informed and generally underestimated, and like all MPs below cabinet rank they are ill-housed, ill-served and ill-fed in the parliament buildings. But those who sit on Mr. Speaker's immediate left have at least a certain equality of opportunity. Each of them can lambaste the government as hard, and almost as often, as his own energy, intelligence and pertinacity will allow; and those who do the most homework get the status that they earn.

But the average MP on the government side is a predestined drone in the hive of democracy, and nobody knows it better than he. However conscientious, ambitious, energetic and devoted he may be, he gets no chance to prove these virtues in parliament. Of the 208 Conservative members twenty-three are ministers, fourteen parliamentary secretaries, two speaker and deputy speaker, another half-dozen whips, committee chairmen and whatnot. For the remaining 163 MPs on the government side, the day's work consists of answering their mail, lobbying occasionally (though as a rule ineffectually) on be-

half of their constituents and listening to other people talk.

It is a demoralizing life. Some of its victims take to drink, or to entanglement with other people's wives. More commonly, if less dramatically, they just grow fat and lazy. They adjust, as the years go by, to their tedious but effortless life, and begin to enjoy it.

Needless to say, this problem is not new, nor limited to any one party. If anything it was worse when the Liberals were in power than it is now, because the Liberals were in so long and became so accustomed to looking on backbenchers as a low form of life. "No matter how hard we tried, we couldn't find anything to do," a veteran Grit recalled the other day.

The effect of these lotus-laden years became painfully obvious in 1957 when the Grits were turned out of office but still held about a hundred seats. In the spring of that year, I was on a canoe trip north of Ottawa. We portaged into a lake where the local lumber company had opened a dam and let the water level drop fifteen feet; a dismal collection of rocks, stumps, deadfalls and old tin cans, which previously were concealed under calm blue water, had become visible. I often thought of that lake when I looked at the Liberal contingent to the twenty-third parliament. There, no longer sheltered by a huge majority and a towering front bench, were men who for years had never had to make a speech, ask a question, think a thought or do anything but cast a vote—and they looked it.

In those days, the Conservative new brooms had no worry about being over-

taken by the same fate. They were fresh from opposition, and they knew how to prevent this kind of senile decay—lots of committee work, lots of parliamentary inquiries and reports, lots of open debate in caucus and even in parliament would keep the backbenchers on their toes. And to some extent these methods did work, in the first two sessions of the twenty-fourth parliament.

At this session, things are different. As one Conservative put it, rather ruefully:

"Suppose we do find another horse on the payroll. This time, it's our horse."

And he had no doubt of what he and his colleagues would have to do. They'd have to cover up, if they possibly could, any such embarrassing fauna that the defense committee might stumble upon. They'd have to vote down any motion to call too-well-informed witnesses, discourage too-penetrating questions on defense policy, close ranks around things as they are and defend them as the best that could possibly be. Actually no MP in any party is entirely happy about Canada's defense at the moment, but no government supporter who dared to say so out loud would have much hope of preferment. Even in the supposed privacy of caucus, where the issues are supposed to be thrashed out frankly, the few outspoken critics are treated more and more as heretics and outcasts.

What's the cure for this dropsical ailment of the body politic?

Some Conservative MPs argue plausibly that there ought to be more government jobs for parliamentarians—more parliamentary secretaries, or perhaps junior ministers without cabinet

rank, as in Britain. They say plenty of work needs doing, for which the ministers haven't got time. They say more political intervention is needed to check up on the civil service and see that things are done as the government and parliament want them done.

Not long ago, for example, the minister of national defense had occasion to call in the directors of the chaplain service. He expected two padres, one Protestant and one Roman Catholic. Six turned up, two for each armed service. The minister, somewhat nettled at this multiplication of colonels, issued an order that a single director be appointed for each faith. The result of his order was that instead of six chaplains-in-chief, the defense department had eight—the two new ones, as commanded by the minister, and the six old ones, who remained in their old jobs.

This kind of thing is less likely to recur in national defense, which now has not one but two ministers and an able young parliamentary secretary as well, Egan Chambers of Montreal. But it's undeniably a tendency of all bureaucracies, civil or military, public or private, and no doubt it would be somewhat discouraged and curtailed if a few more eager young MPs got hunting licenses in the various departments.

The drawback about this suggestion is that it offers more promotions, and thus multiplies the temptations of tail-wagging and time-serving (which already are quite severe enough). What parliament really needs is some way of improving the status and function of the private member himself, without any further promotion.

This is part of what Doug Fisher, the heretic CCFer from Port Arthur, had in mind when he reported "the generally accepted view across the country that we (MPs) are not worth all we are getting at the present time." Fisher had promised a year before to introduce a resolution urging higher pay for private members, and he was explaining why he hadn't done so—"It's not so much a question of second thoughts, but I can see there are more nuances about this than I thought at the time."

One such "nuance" was the realization that money alone would not cure the trouble. A good many MPs (about half of them, in Fisher's opinion) don't particularly need more money. What they do need and want is a sense of status, a feeling of usefulness, a clear and present sense of direction.

Fisher himself has found a way of achieving at least some of these satisfactions (though not, he says, enough to keep him in politics). He has become a national figure by the simple but difficult device of saying what he thinks. Hardly anyone agrees with all of it, but most people are refreshed as well as startled to hear a politician speak frankly.

In Fisher's case, candor has paid off in another way which may encourage others to follow his example. Some Port Arthur voters, who are not normally backers of the CCF, have offered their support to Fisher personally if he will reconsider his decision to quit politics and run again at the next election. Fisher hasn't said he would, but some friends think he is wavering.

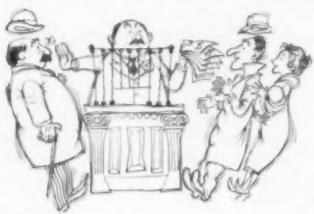
Perhaps this is the answer, and if so it rests with the electors. At present, our apathy and indifference is such that the private member cannot look anywhere for support except to his party hierarchy—i.e. either the government or the government-to-be. If we don't like that, maybe we ought to give him somewhere else to look. ★

BACKSTAGE with "tight money"

Forgetting the nation's economy for a moment, what does it mean when you go to the bank?

EVERY newspaper reader in the country has known for years that there's something around called "tight money." It has to do with such fiscal mysteries as bond yields and bank credit and, intone the bank presidents and the economists, it has Very Important Effects on the economy of the nation.

But hundreds of thousands of people are not so interested in what "tight money" does to the nation's economy as they are in what it



Money for babies, not for minks

means to them. How does it affect their chances of raising a little loan?

To find out in layman's terms, Maclean's sent correspondents to local bank managers in every province. The managers were told their names or the names of their banks wouldn't be published. From dozens of off-the-record interviews, here's what we found about tight money and you.

1. There's no doubt tight money has some effect. Most managers say they're "more selective" about loans now than they were five years ago.

2. The big borrower, or would-be big borrower, is feeling those effects most. As one Edmonton manager put it: "A wealthy person with an unimpeachable credit rating and collateral could be refused a loan for speculative purposes while an

ordinary Joe with no collateral might get a loan to pay doctors' bills."

3. The cliché about banks only lending money to people who don't need it is no longer true. Now, you stand the best chance if you're borrowing for something you need — such as an extra room for a new baby. For a mink coat, you'd have trouble.

4. Tight money is being used as an excuse to turn down "marginal risks," a manager in Dartmouth, N.S., admitted. But they probably wouldn't have got the loan anyway.

5. All the stories about tight money have scared some borrowers off. But, fumed one manager in Toronto, "the banks are taking good care of the small borrower. I get hot under the collar every time I read otherwise."

Backstage with some unlikely amateur diplomats

BOBBING among the hundreds of toques and ski caps that dot the hills of Camp Fortune in the Gati-neaus every weekend this season, is at least one authentic Punjab turban. Under it: the smiling, bearded face of Dr. Kartar Singh, a visiting scientist with the National Research Council in Ottawa.

Singh, who took up skiing this winter, his second in Ottawa, will soon be joined on the slopes by his wife and three-year-old daughter—but not before equipment for them is dug up by Mrs. J. R. Kohr.

Rooting up the odd pair of skis is no problem at all for Mrs. Kohr. She's the current president of the Scientists' Wives Association of the NRC, a group that since 1948 has been unostentatiously making friends and influencing people for Canada.

The association was founded the same year NRC post-doctorate fellowships were extended to eligible scientists anywhere in the world. Since, its 100-or-so members have been making life in Ottawa easier

for the families of many of the 950 scientists who've come from such lands as India, Pakistan, Japan, New Zealand, Australia and many parts of Europe.

There's little formality. Wives of newcomers are introduced at a series of small tea parties till they make their own friends. Occasionally the association holds square dances, in which swirling saris and kimonos add a light, bright touch to the traditional blue-jeans and checked shirts.

New arrivals run into strange, often comic and sometimes serious difficulties. This year, the wife of a Japanese chemist bought a pretty tube and left it in the bathroom. Her husband tried it on his toothbrush next morning. It was hair cream.

In 1956, a fire burned out the family of a recent arrival from Manchester. The wives pitched in and collected furniture, lamps, appliances, dishes. The stock of goods built up helped new families get settled for years afterward.

The non-Canadian wives often reciprocate in kind. One Japanese woman has been giving Mrs. Kohr and others lessons on flower-arranging. An Indian who was taken on a shopping tour showed the Canadian wives where to buy rice for curries.

Late last year, the first Russian scientist in an exchange program arrived in Ottawa — without wife. Six more men will soon be following. Will they bring their families? "I hope so," smiles Mrs. Kohr. "We need some Russians to round out our groups." — DON PEACOCK



MRS. KOHR & FRIEND
Teas, square dancing and skis

Backstage in private TV

How the big money and big names got upset

SINCE OTTAWA let it be known that licenses for private television would be granted in five big cities this year, most of the biggest names and bankrolls in Canadian broadcasting and publishing have been engaged in mutual jockeying for position—and talent, equipment and political influence. Last month, those names got a serious jolt.



THE ART OF ART JONES

The first two licenses granted, in Winnipeg and Vancouver, went to complete dark horses. But perhaps most important, reading between the lines of comments set down by the Board of Broadcast Governors, observers could see this trend: The board had deliberately chosen people who weren't connected with any other communications media and who could be counted on to use local talent for local shows.

The Winnipeg license went to Ralph Misener, a millionaire's son best known for his interests in the football Blue Bombers and the CNIB.

But Vancouver's story was even more unlikely. President of the winning company was Art Jones, a 33-year-old whose story has such a distinct Horatio Alger flavor that any script-writer—including his own—would hesitate to steal it.

At 17, Jones went to work as a \$15-a-week photographer for the Vancouver Sun to pay his way through college. By the time he'd finished university, he was a crackerjack news cameraman. Soon he started his own news photo service, made a success of that, then branched into films with his own production company. That, too, was a success. Last May, Jones lined up a few financial backers (with \$2.5 million) and formed Vantel Broadcasting — keeping 18% for himself.

Bidding against him were four other syndicates representing some of the biggest names and biggest fortunes in B.C. industry and finance. One gilt-edged group brought together the heads of a giant lumber company, the province's richest department store chain, and the B.C. Telephone Co. Another bidder had J. Arthur Rank, the British film magnate, and his millions as its ace-in-the-hole. And fighting against its one-time photographer was the Sun itself, aligned with the city's other newspaper, the Province, and two radio stations.

But Jones had his own big ace-in-the-hole — his movie camera. He showed the board a 22-minute film he'd shot, each sequence depicting a type of local program his station would screen. While other applicants used a rebuttal period to knock their competitors, Jones spoke not a disparaging word.

How big was the prize Jones won? Well, Roy Thomson, the Canadian millionaire who owns private TV in Scotland, once said a license was "the same as a license to print your own money." Meanwhile, some impressive Canadian names were probably wishing they weren't so impressive.—RAY GARDNER

Background

U.K. FILM IN "MARITIMES"

For years Canadians have been chuckling over Hollywood's Rose-Marie concept of Canada. Now a British film company, Hammer, has set a drama about a sex-crime in a "New Brunswick mill town." Will it be true to life? Answer: pretty well. Canadians who previewed the picture for Maclean's swore they couldn't tell the Berkshire countryside from the Maritimes — though the houses looked "a little too suburban." And the title, Never Take Sweets From A Stranger, has been carefully changed to Never Take Candies . . . for North American showing.

PSYCHOTICS AND PAIN

In the strange and tragic world of mental illness there are occasional flashes of comfort. In the huge U.S. veterans' mental hospital at Bedford, Mass., doctors found that nearly 40% of patients suffering such disorders as peptic ulcers, appendicitis and broken bones could feel no pain at all.

A REALLY LONG TITLE

One of the longest book titles of recent years was on How I Turned \$1,000 into a Million in Real Estate — In My Spare Time. But if you think that's a mouthful, here, according to Simon and Schuster, publishers, is what the German edition will be called: *Wie ich als Grundstück- und*

Häusermakler in meiner Freizeit aus eintausend Dollar viermillionen-einhundertfünfundneunzigtausend-achthundertsiebenundfünfzig Mark und dreihundzwanzig Pfennige machte.

HAS SASKATCHEWAN MOVED?

Want to send your child to Camp Saskatchewan? Then write Beechhurst, New York, U.S.A. Camp Saskatchewan for boys and girls 6-17, is on "beautiful Schroon Lake, "Adirondack, N.Y.

"CONSCIENCE MONEY"

Ever wonder what happens to the "conscience money" people send to companies to repay long-forgotten debts? Latest to make news was \$15 that came anonymously to the CNR

from Dauphin, Man., for "insulators I broke as a boy." The CN just tucked it under "miscellaneous receipts" in the general revenue account. More often, the amount's between \$1 and \$5, but last year a Montreal priest brought in \$400 from someone whose confession he'd received.

ELEMENTARY TELEPHONING

Now that Canadians are firmly entrenched as the world's gabbiest telephone users (511 calls a year each; Iceland's second with 486; the U.S. third) we may be setting out to be the best too—at least in Alberta. Calgary schools are using movies and model phones to teach children manners and methods of telephoning.

Editorials

More jitters at the CBC

LIKE MANY of the CBC's friends, we're puzzled lately over the displays of indecision and soul-searching by the respectable matron of Jarvis Street. Ever since her tomboy years she has shown herself quite capable of fending off a wide variety of attempts on her integrity. Is she now entering a climacteric? The "producers' strike" last year arose over a managerial attempt to kill a radio program noted mainly for frank opinions unpalatable to some politicians. The producers won, hands down, in that instance. The scene seems to be shifting now to the backrooms of the TV drama department. Last month, after spending \$42,000 and whetting the appetite of those who still hope true theatre may win television from its preoccupation with westerns and private-eyes, a production of Jean Anouilh's *Point of Departure* was suppressed. No advertiser was involved in the decision; the CBC itself, on a monumental second-guess, announced the play was too frank for its viewers. From what we've heard of the Anouilh work it might well offend some; from what we've heard of the anguished outcry the decision to deny it to everybody has deeply offended others. The uneasy guardians of the CBC's mature virtue might well consider returning to the happy confusion of the system's youth: in cases of genuine doubt take a deep breath, put the show on and let the would-be censors put their case to the court of public opinion.

Beware the anti-anti-Semite

WE BELIEVE that anyone who hasn't yet learned tolerance of another man's religion, race or color is either sick or stupid or both. That such people still do exist, however, is painfully obvious. The Institute of Jewish Affairs states that "outbreaks" of anti-Semitism have occurred recently in 243 cities and towns in 34 countries, including Canada and all the other British dominions. We also believe that anyone who hasn't yet learned that the way to spread tolerance of religion, race or color is *not* by the use of force is either sick or stupid or both. West Germany's often-admirable Konrad Adenauer has particular historic reasons for fearing mob action, yet he suggests German citizens give "a good thrashing" to anyone caught daubing anti-Jewish symbols. The United States' much-admired folk poet Carl Sandburg suggests "shooting at sight." Without the deference we usually accord ripe age (Adenauer is 84 and Sandburg 82), we suggest both gentlemen retract their advocacy of violence and use their considerable influence to encourage the rule of law.

Beating the bushes for beatniks

IN THANKFUL RELIEF we kept quiet as the Fifties' fad of blaming everything from high-sticking to hi-jacking on delinquent parents slowly faded away. We felt sure that pretty soon the ubiquitous professors, the earnest counselors, the restless ladies who form committees, would find a fresh scapegoat. If they did, we were quite prepared to keep on keeping quiet. But one of the scapegoat candidates that's now being scouted in several Canadian spheres—he's something called a beatnik—can't defend himself. And for a good reason: he doesn't exist. We have read the works of Mr. Kerouac and Mr. Lipton, and even studied the recent arcanum of Mr. Mailer (he offers a substitute-scapegoat called a hipster); we have glanced warily into coffee shops at bearded boys and black-stockinged girls; we have even applauded bad verse we didn't understand accompanied by badly tuned guitars. All we discovered, though, was that in this generation (as in all others) there's a group of youngsters who don't like the way their elders dress, talk and go about the ceaseless paradox of living. Any attempt to fasten blame on them for the outward ills of our present society will look as silly in thirty years as if we tried today to blame the flappers of the Twenties for the atomic rain.

Mailbag

- ✓ Two New Canadians who wouldn't kill their brothers
- ✓ If the Maritimes secede, who'll defend them?
- ✓ Does living beyond our income doom North America?

I HEARTILY ENDORSE the remarks in your Jan. 30 editorial (Must a good New Canadian be ready to kill his brother?). My wife and I came to this country from Northern Ireland in 1952 and have two little Canadians . . . In view of the silly question asked the young Italian immigrant, I will be hesitant about applying for citizenship as I'm afraid I would answer in a like manner. — PERCY EVANS, MONTREAL.

✓ Your nominee for the Canadian Citizen for 1960 would accept "our way of living" which I fought for in the First War, but when it comes to fighting *any* country to maintain this way of living he would refuse. I would suggest he go back from where he came and take the editor who wrote this article with him. — NORMAN WEBB, TORONTO.

✓ Had I been asked the same question (I was naturalized in 1953) my answer would have been pretty much the same as that of Giorgio Cappelozzo. Fortunately, the judge who handled my application was a man worthy of his calling. — N. TOPOLNYSKI, CALGARY.

✓ Your editorial was an encouragement to deny the rights of the state to make or enforce laws . . . The duty of man is clear — to guard and fight for the state if he is of the state. — ALEXANDER SMITH, DARTMOUTH, N.S.

✓ The editorial was a sympathetic and entirely just consideration of a most unfortunate incident.—GIBSON INKSETTER, CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA.

The magic world of Allen

After reading Robert Thomas Allen's article, What I learned from the magic world of books (Jan. 30), I just had to write and say how much I enjoyed ev-



ery word of it . . . My mother had a terrible time getting my sisters and myself to do anything if we had our nose firmly placed in a book. At times she couldn't find us at all, as we would be anywhere perched in a tree, on the roof, or curled up on our bed. — MRS. KIM SACHT, SAYWARD, B.C.

✓ I had a thoroughly pleasant hour lying on the chesterfield with the pop concert for background music and really exulting in some fine writing which certainly spoke truth to me. There is so little of this sort of thing in Canada . . . —MARION J. CLARKE, TORONTO.

Should the west secede too?

Leslie Roberts' article, The Maritimes Should Secede from Canada (For the sake of argument, Jan. 30) is the best analysis of and suggested remedy for the Maritime situation I have ever read. He hits the heart of the matter — not the "broken promises" of time-serving politicians — but the hard fact that the Maritimes and Newfoundland must get out of Confederation or perish. — MALCOLM R. MACKAY, NEW GLASGOW, N.S.

✓ God bless Leslie Roberts. Let's go one further. Let the provinces west of Ontario secede also. Then let Ontario and Quebec with their industries "hatch-



ed" under the "brooder stove" of tariffs compete in the world markets.—FRANK J. DIETZ, LOREBURN, SASK.

✓ . . . The same arguments Roberts used can apply to the four western provinces. They should also begin to think along these lines . . . — F. W. WOLOSCHYN, NORTH BATTLEFORD, SASK.

✓ Roberts' argument was good but not devastating enough. As a native of Ontario and a lover of Quebec, I once resented many of the remarks made by Maritimers, but that was a while ago.—REV. JAMES D. TILLER, UNIONVILLE, ONT.

✓ Roberts doesn't suggest what we should do about old-age pensions, family allowances, half the cost of hospital insurance, etc., etc. Or what about defense? Could we pay for our own or are we to sponge on Canada or Britain? The U.S. certainly would not want to add us to their already depressed New England States.—MARY WADDELL, FREDERICTON.

✓ I would greatly regret seeing my native province of New Brunswick a party in such a drastic step. However, I do agree wholeheartedly with Roberts' pointed and factual presentation of the case and sincerely hope that this and other articles will stir the government and people of Canada to recognize the very grave economic position of the people of the Maritimes. — FORD E. GRAHAM, CALGARY.

Will our children pay?

From a practicing economist who is also interested in the human race, including its follies, congratulations for printing Parkinson's Second Law (Jan. 30). I for one don't worry about the Communists. What is going to bring about our downfall is the North American habit of living beyond our income and charging it to our children. My own opinion is that time is running short. — ROBERT SYRETT, LONDON, ONT. ★

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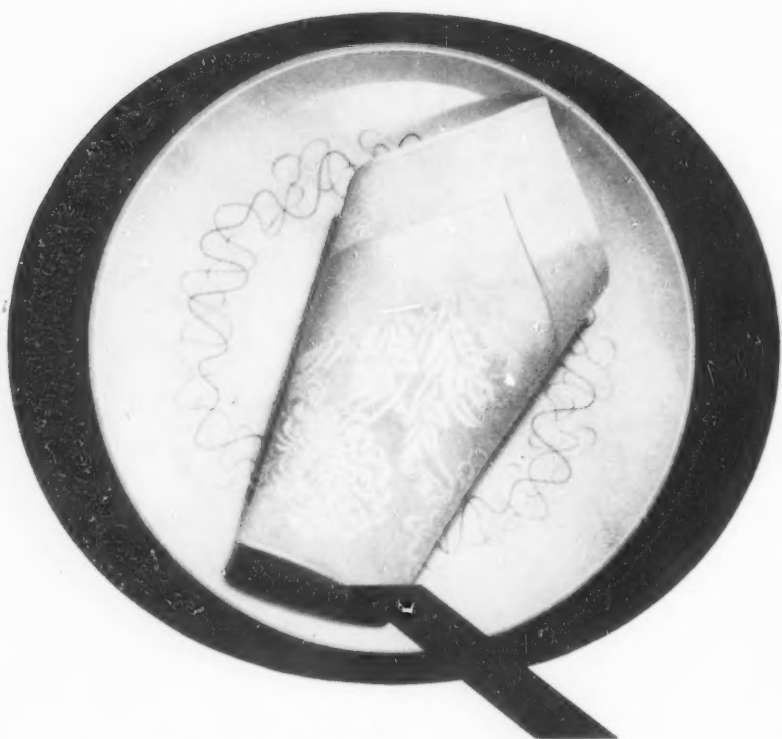
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CONTENTS

VOLUME 73

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PREVIEW

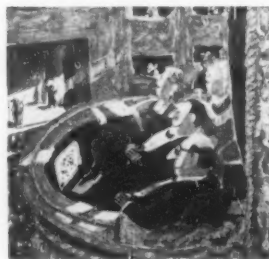
- Preview: Now it's cheerleaders for hockey / Will other cities
follow Montreal's Sunday paper? / What the next
U. S. president thinks about Canadian issues 1
Backstage: The backbenchers' unemployment problem 2
What "tight money" means to you / How big money
got beaten out for TV plums / Unlikely diplomats .. 3
Editorial and Mailbag 4

ARTICLES

- Gisele MacKenzie tells her story As told to Stan Helleur 13
Can we keep the Japanese on our side? Bruce Hutchison 16
You reveal yourself by what you tell Barbara Moon 17
We're wrecking our children with too much love Stuart E. Rosenberg 18
A FIVE-PAGE PICTORIAL:
Karsh photographs Cardinal Léger celebrating the Mass 19
A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK:
The horrid scandal at Tranby Croft James Bannerman 24
How to keep on being mayor of the world's greatest city Eric Hutton 26

DEPARTMENTS

- For the sake of argument.
If our politics are dull blame our dull press Frank H. Underhill 8
Beverly Baxter's London Letter.
My Caribbean memories: embarrassing and otherwise 10
Sweet and Sour 28 Maclean's Movies 32 Jasper 54
Parade 60



THE COVER

We said it seriously, in Preview last
June; now Peter Whalley says it with
tongue in cheek: opera's attracting many
new fans in Canada. Trouble is, an
operagoer like this one is likely to pick
a most inauspicious moment to yell
out, "Okay, Rocky! Murder the bum!"

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE

CREDITS are listed left to right, top to bottom: 8, Newton / 10, Vancouver Sun, John Steele, Federal /
13, Two, Robert J. Smith—Black Star / 14, J. J. Klare / 15, Robert J. Smith—Black Star / 16, Floyd
Chalmers / 18, Walter Curtin / 19, 23, Karsh / 27, Paul Rockett.

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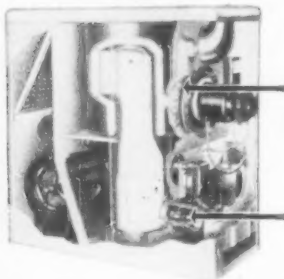
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For the sake of argument



FRANK H. UNDERHILL SAYS

If our politics are dull— blame our dull press

The chief trouble with the Press Gallery at Ottawa is that its members are so typically Canadian.

Their range of ideas and interests is parochial. They avoid measuring themselves by the best British and American standards of contemporary journalism. Their writing is dull and pedestrian, without bite, without wit or humor, irony or passion. Since they obviously have not read any English prose for years except the speeches of Canadian politicians, the reports of Canadian royal commissions and the journalism of their fellow Canadian newspapermen, they are blissfully unaware of how bad their writing is. They are intellectually lazy and unwilling to devote the time and effort that are needed for an adequate study of the complex issues which it is their duty to report. They think they have covered a subject and given an inside story of it when they have gone around and talked in a few government offices and accumulated a few handouts.

Parochial — and proud of it

In short, their professional ambitions are too modest, in the typical Canadian way, while their complacency in achieving them is unbelievable until you have experienced it. When you listen to a group of Press Gallery men defending themselves and expounding the services that they perform for the Canadian public, you cannot help realizing that most of them are actually proud of their parochial standards.

Just to forestall too many cries of outrage, I had better explain that these remarks are generalizations and do not apply to every individual whose job it is to report national politics from Ottawa. But, on the whole the interpretative political reporting that comes out of Ottawa deserves what the New York Times' James Reston said

about the work of Washington columnists: "The average columnist sounds like a stuck whistle. Most columnists never surprise you. Each day's news is either a dreary and undistinguished report of the obvious or merely a new peg for old tired themes."

Reston made these remarks in a recent book that consists of a series of tributes to the greatest of all present-day North American journalists, Walter Lippmann. Lippmann himself on his seventieth birthday, when he was honored by an overflow meeting at the National Press Club in Washington, made some remarks about the job of the political correspondent which are as applicable to Canada as to the United States.

He pointed out that since he entered the profession the job of the Washington correspondent has gone through a notable change. It is no longer sufficient to repeat the newspaperman's creed that the reporter collects the news and gives the facts while the editor expresses opinions about them and tests them by his standard of values. "The Washington correspondent has to teach himself to be not only a recorder of facts and a chronicler of events but also a writer of notes and essays in contemporary history." This change has been brought about, Lippmann thinks, by the continuous revolution and crisis in which we have lived since 1914. Our world seems in chaos, it has become more complex and more difficult to understand; and the relevant significant facts often exist far away and out of sight of any newspaperman. Thus the highest qualities of understanding and imagination are required of him if he is to make the unseen requirement intelligible and interesting to his readers.

In Canada, the Press Gallery has gone through two long, evolutionary stages in its history and is now hesitating. CONTINUED ON PAGE 50

FORMERLY CURATOR OF LAURIER HOUSE, OTTAWA, FRANK UNDERHILL HAS WRITTEN EXTENSIVELY ON HISTORY AND SOCIAL PROBLEMS.



Photo by Harold V. Green, Photography-Microscopy Group of the Pulp and Paper Research Institute of Canada.

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London Letter



BY BEVERLEY BAXTER

My Carribean memories: embarrassing and otherwise

It is not a matter of historical nor geographical importance that this morning I walked through the misty greyness of Holland Park adjoining our Kensington flat. Routine had taken command after my six weeks' flirtation with the sun and the glinting glory of the waters of the Caribbean.

Why is it that there is something solid and reassuring about a sullen colorless cloudy sky, whereas there is an almost post-card artificiality about blue skies and shimmering waters? Is it that grey skies exert an influence that becomes a challenge whereas sunshine and emerald blue skies turn us into beach-combers, content with mere existence?

Traveling by aeroplane is dull. Yet I must confess that as we approached New York's Idlewild airport on our return journey there was an undoubted splendor. It was nearly midnight and the brilliantly lit aerodrome shone like diamonds as we hovered above it and then came down on American soil.

No wonder American authors write with a vividness and a sense of caricature. At the refreshment stand in Idlewild we were waited on by a sumptuous blonde with flaxen hair and a sky-green frock. She attended to our meager wants with an automatic readiness but her thoughts were neither on us nor the refreshments. Something had gone wrong and a feud had broken

out between the blonde and some unknown female down the line. So dominating was the blonde's personality that we felt like mere spectators in a drama of vivid hue — almost as vivid as her frock and her hair. Yet true to American efficiency she attended to our wants while giving the clear impression that we were mere automatons. It came almost as a jolt when the loudspeaker announced that our plane was ready for the Atlantic flight.

Once aloft I could look back lazily on our visit to Jamaica. With complete innocence on our part we had become, quite unknowingly, participants in what might be described as *l'Affaire Gaitskell*.

My old-young friend Garfield Weston had invited us to leave Montego Bay to motor across the island and visit the fabulous resort which he had planned and built for millionaires desiring a luxury holiday remote from the cares that haunt the rich. Weston is not only a realist but a romantic, and he had chosen one of the most beautiful spots ever seen by human eye. It's known as Frenchman's Cove. Outside were the restless moods of the ever-changing sea, but here was a haven from the winds and the waves, a tiny harbor framed by a kindly rising hill.

As a psychologist, Weston also realized that millionaires would naturally CONTINUED ON PAGE 53



A storm in a teacup marked Baxter's Jamaican visit. He was a personal guest at the luxury resort of his old friend Garfield Weston (left). Later, British Labor Party leader Hugh Gaitskell (right) was "turned away."

PEOPLE MAKE THE DIFFERENCE...



SIR FREDERICK BANTING

The man who discovered insulin vividly exemplified a profound truth: that *people* matter far more than machines or methods. He had nothing to work with, the young doctor. No glossy equipment, no dream laboratory—not even the applause of a sympathetic public. But he had the things that matter more—energy, devotion, and abiding faith in the value of his own ideas.

So he did without the trimmings and set himself to the hard, heavy task of doing what he had to do with hardly any tools at all.

And in the end the victory was all the greater, because it wasn't

just the victory of science over disease but the triumph of the human spirit over hardship and frustration. In these days of formulated judgments and machine-made decisions, it's a good thing to remember sometimes that the minds of men are most often moved by the spirit of man. *People*—individual men and women, with their capacity to respond to each other's needs and problems—make the significant differences. This is a fundamental part of our business philosophy, the reason why we try to make it apparent, in all our dealings with our customers, that *people make the difference at The Toronto-Dominion Bank.*

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Refresh without filling

GISELE MACKENZIE

TELLS HER STORY



There's never been a show-business story
like that of the fat little girl
who left Winnipeg clutching her violin
and went on to play duets with Jack Benny,
headline at the Waldorf
and play fabled Las Vegas at \$15,000 a week

As told to Stan Helleur

WHEN I APPEARED on a TV show with Jimmy Durante last fall, his famous closing line to the mysterious Mrs. Calabash reminded me of a similar tribute I could use. It would go: "Good-night, Mr. Hubicki — wherever you are!"

It's been years since I've seen this fine violinist and teacher and I'm not sure where he's living today, except that I do know he has left Winnipeg, my home town. But I've never forgotten him, because without his help I might never have had the career I've enjoyed for the past twelve years, a lot of which has been rough but none of which I would really want to give back.

I was about nine when Taras Hubicki came into my life. My mother, born to be a chief-of-staff ordering vast armies into strategic positions, had bulldozed him into accepting me as a pupil. She had already charted my life. She was determined that some day I'd be the one — no one else — who'd scare the liver out of Heifetz. She'd made up her mind, that far back, that I was *never* going to get married, that I was going to have the big concert career, and that was that.

Consequently, in our neighborhood of Winnipeg around the general hospital, I became the tradi- **CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE**

With husband Bob Shuttleworth, Gisele is mirrored in the pool at Las Vegas' Flamingo Club, where she headlined the show last month.



To young Gisele LaFleche (the MacKenzie came later) childhood was a happy time shadowed only by her hated violin



At the Toronto conservatory Gisele formed a string quartet with Joe Pach (left), Rowland Pack (centre) and Hillel Diamond, now all professionals.



On a rare outing near Winnipeg, Gisele, 9, (front, centre), rides with sisters Hugette (left), Jeannine and a friend.



On vacation near Lake Winnipeg, Gisele takes up the violin again, in an impromptu kitchen concert.

GISELE MACKENZIE tells her story

tional caricature of the fat girl musician in pig-tails, the oddball who never went anywhere without her violin case. While the other kids were outside playing, I was inside practicing. When the other girls at Sacred Heart School were enjoying fun classes like cooking, sewing and gym, I was stuffed away in the music room, practicing. Two and three hours a day were nothing.

And so, for release, whenever I could, I'd sit at the family piano and play popular music and sing. At first, mother permitted it as a reward for having practiced well. But inevitably the day came when she decided I was too fond of the diversion — foolish jazz, she called it — and banged down the piano lid. From then on, nothing but the fiddle. I was desolate. One day I mentioned it to Hubicki, not expecting him to do anything about it, really. But the next time my mother spoke to him he brought up the subject. It became a little soap opera scene.

"Mrs. LaFleche," I can still hear him saying, "I wouldn't cut your daughter off from playing popular music on the piano. You'd be making a big mistake. She loves it and she's got the talent to play and sing. Let her do it. It won't hurt her violin. I think you'd be doing her more harm than good by forbidding her."

I know it sounds like the plot from a Mary Pickford movie, but I also know it affected the whole course of my life. If Hubicki hadn't convinced my mother that day, I have a pretty good idea what I'd be doing for a career right now. I'd be sitting in the string section of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra. Maybe, if I'd gotten real lucky, I'd be

sitting in the second chair.

My background as a scholarship violin student at the Royal Conservatory in Toronto (then the Toronto Conservatory of Music) has been revived quite often since the fiddle bits I did with Jack Benny on television and in theatres and clubs. But the truth is that I'd rather not play the instrument, or even think about playing it. It represents too much unhappiness, loneliness, frustration, even bitterness toward my parents, all of it related to my childhood in Winnipeg and teenage days in Toronto.

But before I get into that, I'd like to develop the Jack Benny association because, looking back, it's had so much bearing on my career. I'd actually been working with Jack for a couple of weeks, rehearsing the first stage show I did with him in San Francisco, in 1953, before he found out I played the violin. He had asked me to join him primarily on the basis of some singing and comedy bits he had seen me do with Bob Crosby in Las Vegas. It was Bob Shuttleworth, my manager and now my husband, who thought it would be a good idea to tell him about the violin. Jack was immediately interested. "Play something," he said.

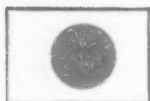
I hadn't touched the instrument in a very long time but I borrowed a fiddle from one of the band musicians and played — I forget what — but it was pretty showcasey stuff. Jack was obviously surprised and pleased and right away began figuring out something we could do together. Finally he worked out a little thing in which I held his violin while he went through the motions of teaching me how to play. At

CONTINUED ON PAGE 46

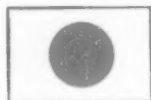
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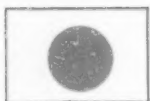
In Las Vegas Gisele musters "the self-discipline I've learned since childhood" and belts out a song before a blasé crowd. Her mother once forbade her ever to sing or play "foolish jazz."



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These are some of the facts Canada must grasp—and grasp soon.

Fresh from the Far East, a famous Canadian reporter asks

Can we keep the Japanese on our side?



**BY BRUCE
HUTCHISON**

AFTER WE HAD SAT at dinner in a Kyoto inn for three hours, cross-legged on the mat floor, Professor Toru Mori, Japan's leading art scholar, produced a brush, some black ink and a square of cardboard. Then, in half a minute and half a dozen sleek strokes he painted a catfish. Watching Professor Mori in that inn, hard by the palace of eighty emperors and two thousand shrines, I guessed that this man of gentle soul had painted a farewell to another age, a tiny masterpiece of nostalgia.

In his own life he had survived two revolutions. Now, rather anxiously, like all his older countrymen, he watched a third, the most profound of all, that already had tipped the whole power balance of the world in the West's favor but, going wrong, could tip it instantly the other way in major catastrophe for us and major victory for communism.

However it goes, the contemporary Japanese revolution must directly involve the future of Canada in more ways than we yet grasp. In fact, I doubt that any free foreign nation, except Britain and the United States, will affect us more deeply than Japan as the world's gravity shifts westward from a stable Europe to a convulsive Asia where most human beings live. Whatever happens in our new and closer ties with ninety-two million Japanese, we face some formidable and early decisions, impossible to escape.

I had set out to discover not the Japanese revolution—it was too big for a brief visitor—but its effects on my own country. That they would be immediate, permanent and large I already knew. Did the few men who run the tight Japanese hierarchy suspect, on the other hand, how their affairs touched Canada's? Did they have any real interest in us? Did they know anything about a people only fourteen hours away by propeller planes and soon to be only half that distance in a Pacific narrowed again by jets? Under the ferocious drive of the third revolution, which

almost obliterates the first of industry and the second of war, how did Canada figure, if it figured at all, in the long, ambitious plans of this indestructible race?

Behind the façade of politics, the endless procession of tourist wonders, the bronze smile of Buddhas innumerable, the relics of Gilbert, Sullivan and Madame Butterfly, the multitudinous human sea that drowns any stranger, I wanted to meet the Japanese mind. I caught up with it at the business capital of Osaka.

In this counting house and workshop about twice the size of Montreal, nearly all of it built in lofty concrete from the ruins of the war, a dozen tycoons invited me to dinner. It required several hours of steady eating, a good many egg cups of warm sake and the usual sing-songs of the geishas at their union wage of two dollars an hour (minimum) to break down my hosts' reserve.

At last, as we took off our coats and toasted one another repeatedly on our knees, I realized that some of these men knew far more about Canada, and judged its future better than I did.

To them Canada offered a glittering opportunity, a strange parallel and a tantalizing paradox. For the two nations, they said, were utterly different in their contrast of natural wealth and poverty but similar in their problem of the spirit—in Japan's case to build overnight a new society on the rubble of the old, in Canada's case to build a new society on a raw land, and in both cases to build a society different from that of their joint protector and warm smothering friend, the United States.

Japan's men of power regard Canada as one of their closest neighbors, an essential ally, a major market, an outlet for Japanese investment and some minor immigration, above all as a nation to be envied and perhaps over-admired by the entire world.

Precisely what benefits and problems does the newly revolutionized Japan offer to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 56



"I've considered a separation."



"Fred says I'm the sexiest thing alive."



"My husband hardly knows I'm alive."



"Fred's terribly jealous."

YOU REVEAL YOURSELF BY WHAT YOU TELL

In coffee confabs, bull sessions, chance remarks, intimate confessions, everybody — man and woman — draws a picture of his character, his most secret desires and hates. But it's a different you speaking every time

By Barbara Moon

ONLY MAN, of all the animals, is abashed and secretive. There are things he cannot or will not reveal about himself even to his vital kin — his parents, his mate, his brothers and sisters, his children. For the rest of the world he edits himself with still more compulsion and cunning. In fact, everything he thinks, feels, believes and remembers he also considers None of Somebody's Business.

Yet he seems also possessed of a furtive urge to make himself known. In freakish hints, in contagious bull sessions, in aggressive boasts, in coy parables or jests that cloak truth, in shy confidences and in tortured confessions he keeps setting the record straight. It's as though the finally intolerable thing — and never mind his privacy — is to feel himself misunderstood.

Why do these twin urges war CONTINUED ON PAGE 42



"My husband, Fred, thinks I'm frigid."



"My husband can't fix a thing."



"I sure told that plumber a thing or two!"



The "love cult" can produce "self-centred, self-satisfied monsters."

We're wrecking our children with too much love

So says this outspoken Toronto rabbi, who believes that sparing
the rod *can* spoil the child and spoil the parent too

BY STUART E. ROSENBERG

PHOTOGRAPH BY WALTER CURTIN

For years now some of the most widely publicized psychiatrists and psychologists have insisted that we offer our children love in heaping, telling, profuse amounts — and heaven help us if we temper love with forthright discipline. They have interminably reiterated the idea that love automatically makes a child good and lack of love makes a child bad. Simultaneously, they have preached that what happens to human beings after the weaning stage can do little except bring out personality traits already shaped by their parents.

Modern parents have been so brainwashed by these theories that they stand in awe, trepidation, fear and trembling before their tiny offspring, and far too many of them are walking around with feelings of guilt and inadequacy.

In my view, it's time experts told parents the truths that are constantly being rediscovered — that children need a firm hand over them and that character structure *does* change after early childhood. If parents realized this they wouldn't tend to distort out of all proportion incidents that are normal in most homes. Nor would they be afraid that every cross word they uttered or every restraint they imposed might turn their children into neurotics or criminals or both.

Unnecessary parental tension has, I am sure, injured rather than helped our youngsters, and the responsibility for at least part of the tension lies at the door of the school of psychiatric thought that trumpets that all one has to do is to name his problem, sit back, and love will magically solve it.

The love cult, when it suggests that love is all, leads us astray by turning our attention from other equally impressive needs of man — the laws of ethical behavior, the inexorable moral obligations we have to society, the necessity for personal compromise. And no domain has been so thoroughly invaded by it as the home. Parents are caught in a dilemma. Many chafe under the tyranny of love but dare not admit it, for to "be modern" they must piously repeat the litanies of the New Psychology.

Others, love-starved themselves, crave adoration from their children. With what result? A whole generation of family heads has lost touch with some vital facts of life. The worship of love has blinded them to their true role as teachers, weighed them down with unearned guilt feelings, prevented them from being effective guides. Mothers are preached at, told to "relax and enjoy their children," yet are simultaneously scolded, by the same mentors, if they deny their children what they want.

Dr. Benjamin Spock, one of the most widely followed advisers of parents, admits: "One of the reasons why being a parent has been hard in twentieth-century America is that so much psychological data has been accumulated by professional people. It has intimidated many parents, particularly the educated ones with a respect for book knowledge — made them lose confidence in their own intuition and authority."

It's high time for an Emancipation Proclamation for Parents that would free them from the neurotic fear of not loving their children enough when, indeed, they may be loving them too much! As a step in this direction, I suggest that we politely but firmly explode the myth that parents must make life pleasant for children.

Children today are thought of as beneficiaries, hardly ever as benefactors. They have few duties to the home, optional rather than mandatory responsibilities to the group, and are under no obligation to earn. CONTINUED ON PAGE 54

The Kissing of the Altar

After introductory prayers, the cardinal bends to kiss the altar in his private Montreal chapel. The act symbolizes the union of the church with Christ.



KARSH PHOTOGRAPHS CARDINAL LÉGER CELEBRATING THE MASS



The Mercy and the Glory of God

In prayers called the Kyrie and the Gloria, the cardinal extends, elevates and rejoins his hands, beseeching God for mercy and praising Him.

A FIVE-PAGE PICTORIAL }

Karsh photographs the Mass

continued



Léger

Karsh

The cardinal and the photographer discuss the project with book publisher Robert Toussaint.

"A most satisfying labor"

Since the Mass was first celebrated nearly twenty centuries ago, countless artists have attempted to capture the timeless values of the ceremony. In a bold dismissal of the traditional method of illustrating the Mass with elaborate holy images, Yousuf Karsh of Ottawa, one of the world's great photographers, recently completed a series of thirty photographs depicting every step of the intricate liturgy for a book, *Missa Est*, to be published next month in Montreal.

The new work, a companion volume to a similar book Karsh did with Bishop Fulton J. Sheen two years ago in the U. S., combines Karsh's camera artistry with the face, figure and devotion of Paul-Emile Cardinal Léger, archbishop of Montreal.

The pictures on these pages were taken during a week-long photographing session last October. Karsh found that the cardinal, though vitally interested in the project, was extremely busy. So he decided to take the pictures in the prelate's private chapel, next door to his office, in downtown Montreal. An assistant priest, wearing the cardinal's vestments, served as a stand-in. When Karsh was satisfied with the composition of the picture, he summoned the cardinal. Despite this procedure, Cardinal Léger spent nearly twelve hours before Karsh's cameras. The task was made more interesting for Karsh by Cardinal Léger's flair for judging camera angles.

Karsh took more than a hundred exposures before selecting thirty for his book. To get a photogenic altar boy, he spent two days touring Catholic schools in Montreal. He finally picked eleven-year-old Gilles Martin, a student at St. Joseph's Oratory.

Brought up as a Catholic, Karsh considers his photographing of the Mass as one of the most satisfying labors of his life. "It is possible to go to church and be disappointed in the sermon that the priest may give," he says, "but never in the celebration of the Mass. It is the most sacred experience."

Karsh's portrayal of the Mass is only one of a continuing series of religious works. A book he has illustrated on the religious sights of Rome will be published by Hawthorn, New York, later this year. Then he and Bishop Sheen will go to Palestine to gather material for a book about the Holy Land.

A month after Pope John XXIII was elected to succeed Pope Pius in November 1958, Karsh flew to Rome for a portrait session. He was given an hour and as he left His Holiness placed his hands on his shoulders and said: "I wish you to enter in your diary that you have had the longest visit with Pope John to date."

Fitting the time-consuming details of his art into the busy schedules of high churchmen is a major anxiety for Karsh. "You have to be a believer to undertake work like this," he says. "And when you are a believer, everything is possible." ★

Photographs © copyright by Yousuf Karsh. They will be included in *Missa Est*, to be published next month by Librairie Arthème Fayard, Montreal.



The Word of God

At this moment in the reading of the Gospel, Roman Catholics believe, the Word is first heard from God Himself.



By Bread and Wine

A further symbolic union of the church and Christ takes place as the celebrant adds water to the wine. Though the wine symbolizes blood, Mass wine is often white.



With Clean Hands

Gilles Martin, the acolyte whom Karsh chose, washes the cardinal's hands. Once a practical necessity, this is now a symbolic act preceding the taking of bread.

Our Dead and We Sinners

The ceremony pauses while the cardinal offers prayer for the dead and the sinful.

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, FEBRUARY 27, 1960



This is My Body

At this moment in the liturgy, Catholics believe, the offering becomes Christ in Person.





The Broken Bread

The symbolic distribution of Christ's body began with the Last Supper, when Jesus told His disciples, "Take and eat."

The Communion of the People

Gilles takes the wafer (now "the Host") on his tongue and is thus "united with his God." The worshippers would now follow.

The Celebrant's Communion

In private prayers, the cardinal begs to join himself to Christ, then professes his own unworthiness.





The Hand of God

As the Mass ends, the church, through the celebrant, directs worshippers to represent Christ in their daily lives. Cardinal Léger spent a total of twelve hours before Karsh's camera to complete these photographs.

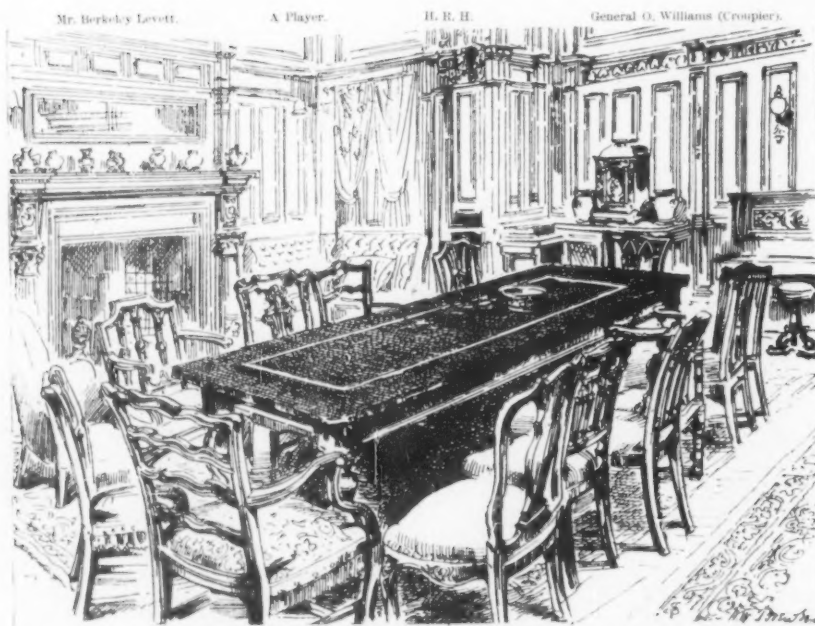


Subjects of the vulgar scrutiny, six of the house guests at Tranby Croft bear up with phlegm at the resultant slander trial. Left to right: Lord Edward Somerset, the Earl of Coventry, Mrs. Arthur Wilson, Mrs. Lyett Green, Berkeley Levett and George Lewis.

THE HORRID SCANDAL AT TRANBY CROFT

A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK BY JAMES BANNERMAN

In the Nineties in England, there was one breach of conduct for which an officer and gentleman could never be excused — cheating at cards. The shame of Sir William Gordon-Cumming began at a royal house party. The Prince of Wales himself was there and the awful echoes shook the Empire



Mr. Berkeley Levett. A Player. H. R. H. General O. Williams (Croupier).
Mr. Lyett Green. Mr. A. S. Wilson. Mrs. Lyett Green. Sir W. G. Cumming. Lady Coventry.
THE BACCARAT CASE.—THE BILLIARD-ROOM AT TRANBY CROFT, WITH THE TABLE AND CHAIRS ARRANGED FOR BACCARAT AS ON THE NIGHT OF SEPTEMBER 9TH, 1890, SHOWING THE POSITIONS OF THE BANKER AND CROUPIER AND OF THE PLAYERS WHO CONSTITUTED THE RIGHT TABLEAU.



The trial went badly for Sir William (standing), and the Prince of Wales (seated) was freely criticized as a common gambler.

DRAWINGS FROM A CONTEMPORARY LONDON JOURNAL

ON THE AFTERNOON of September 8, 1890, two frock-coated gentlemen strolled along a platform under the great glass roof of King's Cross railway station in London. Behind them a safari-like procession of porters carried their elegant luggage—pigskin hatboxes, morocco-leather dressing cases, and a staggering number of trunks. In front of them went the chief stationmaster, leading them to a first-class compartment with a label on the window which read: "Reserved for H.R.H. the Prince of Wales."

The future Edward VII and his friend Sir William Gordon-Cumming, Baronet, were leaving town for a house party in Yorkshire. Sir William was a lieutenant-colonel in the Scots Guards and looked it — tall, lean, stiff-backed and impeccable. The Prince, in spite of the portly stomach, sleek beard and heavy-lidded eyes that gave him a certain resemblance to a rich moneylender, had an unmistakably grand manner. No two men in England seemed less likely to be caught up in an affair that would explode into the most spectacular scandal of the Nineties. Yet that was what lay ahead of them in the next few days of a visit they expected to be unremarkable.

His Royal Highness was only doing what he was accustomed to do in early September. It was the time of the race meeting at Doncaster in Yorkshire, and the Prince went each year to stay at some big country house conveniently near the track. His host that year was Arthur Wilson, a self-made millionaire who owned a line of steamships and a mansion called Tranby Croft, and was married to a woman of virtually unlimited social ambitions. Mrs. Wilson, although she turned out to be a little unsure of a couple of fundamental principles of upper-class conduct, knew very well what was required to entertain her exalted guest.

Room must be made in the servants' quarters for his two valets and the special footman he brought to wait on him at table. There must be lavish food, and wine of the most admired vintages. The other guests must be people who didn't care to talk about anything more intellectual than the latest high-society gossip, for the Prince was bored by ideas. He was not bored by women who were both pretty and accommodating; and at least one such charming creature had to be included.

Mrs. Wilson had kept all these things in mind, and

the seventeen guests who sat down to dinner on the first night at Tranby Croft were entirely suitable. The women were dressed in gowns of pale pink or green or yellow, with elbow-length kid gloves to match. Skirts were long, with a little train behind. Hairdos were slightly cropped and faintly curly on top, bunched into a kind of plump pony tail at the back of the neck; the bosoms were powdered and noticeably bare. As for the men, they wore black tail coats and trousers, white waistcoats, and shirts with fronts so stiff they creaked.

The party ate its way through a great many courses, served by the Tranby Croft footmen and the Prince's own man, resplendent in scarlet and gold livery. After dinner the ladies rose, with a small luxurious rustle of silks and satins, and went off to the drawing room, leaving the gentlemen to their port. Half an hour later they too went to the drawing room, where for a while there was conversation. Then Mrs. Wilson's married daughter sang several ballads, stopping when the Prince couldn't sit still any longer and began to squirm.

He wanted to play baccarat — a card game with, as he played it, very simple rules. *continued on page 36*

HOW TO KEEP ON BEING MAYOR OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST CITY



Toronto's Nathan Phillips gets roasted for his banquet-hopping, jeered at for his globe-trotting and mocked for his foot-in-mouth remarks. But he's led his city through its greatest growth and greatest prosperity

BY ERIC HUTTON

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL ROCKETT

TORONTO'S VOTERS chose for their first mayor a controversial national figure named William Lyon Mackenzie. Then for 120 years, they cautiously elected men closer to other Canadians' image of Toronto the Good, a staid and satisfied city of Tories and Orangemen.

Those successive mayors may have aroused Toronto's stolid emotions, but they were largely unknown in what every proper Torontonians considers to be the hinterland.

Today, fifty mayors after Mackenzie, Toronto's mayor is a man whose appearance is familiar to millions beyond Toronto, and whose doings and sayings have gained space in newspapers and newscasts across the country. Nathan Phillips' visible characteristics — his plume of white hair, close cropped mustache, horn-rimmed glasses and a face pink and unlined in his sixty-eighth year — are probably familiar to nearly as many Canadians as John Diefenbaker's curls and dimples or Wayne and Shuster's antic grimaces. Certainly no previous mayor of Toronto could enter a cobbler's shop on a back street in Quebec City, as Phillips recently did for an emergency heel repair, and be greeted with "Ah, c'est monsieur le maire de Toronto!"

It is true that much of Phillips' out-of-town publicity derives from events of less than national significance, but twice his doings and sayings have been related to an audience of thirty million who watch the Jack Paar Show, a controversial U. S. network program seen in Canada via some border stations.

On one occasion Genevieve, the French charmer, went into an ecstatic description of how that wonderful *Maire Phileeps of Toron-to* had visited her in hospital after she broke a leg in a backstage mishap and had presented her with a maple leaf pin and flowers. Another communicant was Haya Harareet, the Israeli actress who starred in Ben-Hur. She confided to Paar's listeners that Phillips had told her Israel would have benefited by staying in the British Commonwealth.

Phillips regularly receives attention for his steadfast refusal to bestow mayoral kisses on beauty contest winners, Doughnut Week queens and visiting movie stars (which he says would be undignified), and for his unconventionally humorous greetings to eminent visitors at City Hall (which his critics say is undigni-

fied). By all odds Phillips' most far-echoing quip was his comment as he watched Amazasp A. Aroutunian, Soviet ambassador to Canada, sign his name in the guest book. Phillips tried to pronounce the name under his breath, then exclaimed: "It sounds to me like you're a rootin' tootin' fellow, Mr. Ambassador."

It is also true that in his own home town Phillips has been rapped and ridiculed by the press and his political opponents for more activities and attitudes than any previous mayor — for his association with Toronto's planned double-concave city hall which is already being dubbed "Nate's Clam Shell" and "Phillips' Folly"; for his venture into art criticism such as condemnation of nude pictures in a University of Toronto gallery and of living seminudes in the Canadian National Exhibition midway.

But this also means that Phillips name and photograph appear in the Toronto newspapers more often than anyone else's (there's a newspaper legend that one photo editor quit his job because he'd "seen enough Phillips photos to last a lifetime.")

Phillips' own reaction to attack is calm, if not silent. This makes him a baffling adversary. As one city-hall critic puts it, "Nate is like the man of whom it was said 'Nobody can blackmail him — what other men get blackmailed for, he boasts about.' How can you come to grips with an opponent who doesn't defend himself when he's attacked but proclaims in a voice louder than yours, 'Mine's the right way and that's how I'm going to continue to do it?'"

As a case in point, Phillips was quite unabashed by the "rootin' tootin'" furor. "It was a small witticism that I threw in to break the ice," he explained recently. "Everybody laughed — including the ambassador — but the papers made a big thing of it." Phillips regards humor as therapeutic. "A joke relaxes me after the serious business of running the greatest city in the world," he says. "It also shows visitors that Toronto isn't full of stuffed shirts but of friendly people."

He has continued to greet visitors jovially — and to be criticized for it. Some of the choice items CONTINUED ON PAGE 34

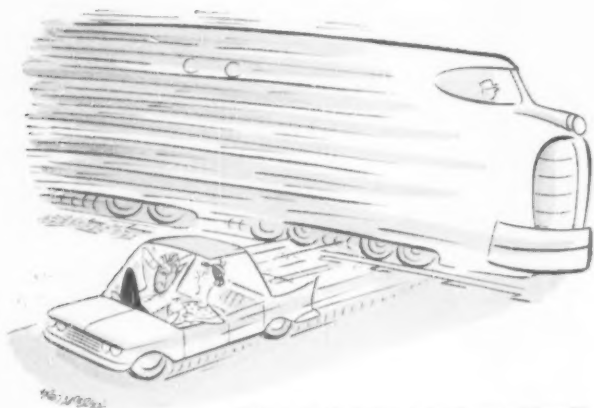


**synonymous with Toronto, through the rose-tinted spectacles of Mayor Phillips,
here enthroned on Bay Street**

in front of City Hall, with his wife Esther. Why are the downtown streets empty? It was Sunday



Sweet & sour



"Now who's being a back-seat driver?"

I SHOULD LIVE THAT LONG

"The school work they pile on kids these days! Boy, did we have it soft when I was a boy!"

"So what if everything costs twice as much? After all, I'm making more than twice as much dough."

"I'm sorry, officer. It just never entered my head that this highway would be patrolled at this time of night."

"I can stand the humidity all right. It's this blasted hot weather that gets me."

"You don't agree he's a funny comedian? Well, I guess you never will, because in my opinion this is by far the best show he's put on yet."

"My play closed after three performances because every critic in town panned it. Well, after all, who'd know better than they?"

"Such a set of directions for assembling this gadget! They're so clearly written that *nobody* could go wrong."

"I had it coming to me, ma. I was teasing him."

"I'd have had a 97 instead of a 95 if I hadn't been lucky on the 10th hole."

ROGER SMYTHE

Improvement: good to spectacular

The camp to which our neighbor, Jim Arnold, sent his son last summer promised to train the lad in "resourcefulness, mechanical skill, generosity, tolerance, initiative and manliness. Since then, Jim has summarized the results.



BEFORE

Resourcefulness: Poor. Often without funds.

Mechanical skill: Couldn't even hammer nails.

Generosity: Was terrible tightwad.

Tolerance: Totally lacking.

Initiative: Always had to be told to do things.

Manliness: Just a bare-checked child.



AFTER

Splendid. Made \$7 yesterday by pawning his dad's putter.

Has learned to blow out fuses by putting pennies in light sockets.

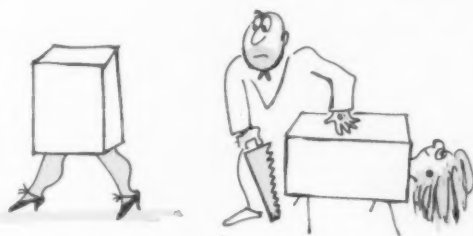
Cheerfully lends money to parents at 25% interest.

Improved. Permits parents to use game room on alternate Saturday nights.

Always telling his sister to do things.

Still doesn't shave, but starting to take an interest in the lingerie ads.

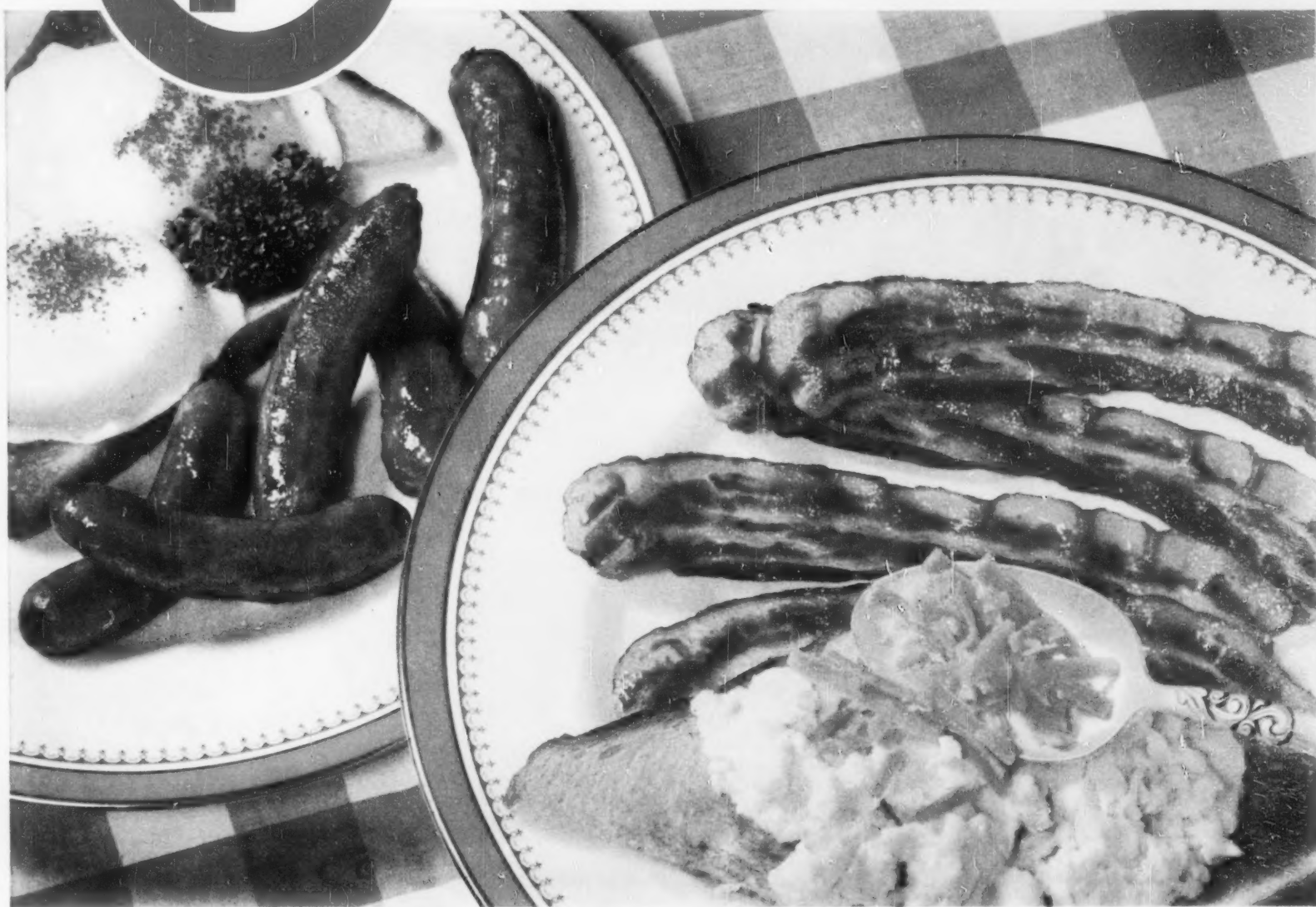
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A breakfast worth waking up for! Flavourful Maple Leaf bacon and sausage—done to a golden turn; country-fresh Maple Leaf eggs—good any style; and Margene margarine—delicious spread on toast.

Always pamper bacon and sausage! Store in a cool place. Cook slowly and well in a heavy skillet over a low heat. *Do not* slash bacon or prick sausage skin—*do* turn frequently during cooking time; drain excess fat. Take bacon from pan, crisp but not brittle, after 8 minutes—sausage, meaty and tender, after 15 to 20 minutes.

Never scramble scrambled eggs! Lift and fold gently with spatula or fork. Poached eggs are more appealing if the whites are neat and tidy. It takes a little practice to do this perfectly, but here's the trick: have an egg (minus shell) in a tea-cup in one hand—a fork in the other. Stir a whirlpool in a saucepan of boiling water with fork and, very quickly, drop the egg in the middle.

You owe it to yourself to get an early-bird start for the breakfasts you serve—ingredients of utmost purity and freshness—packaged to *keep* fresh and pure. We promise you these things with our "CP" mark. It pledges finest quality in every product we offer. Look for it—it's your best buying guide.

CANADA  PACKERS
MADE OF FINEST QUALITY

FROBISHER... In this northern outpost on Baffin Island, any plane may be chartered to fly out and bring back a sick Eskimo child for treatment in the hospital which is run by the Federal Department of Health and Welfare. The mercy flight is one act in the drama; treatment with Lederle medical products, supplied by Cyanamid, is another.



NEWFOUNDLAND... When Sir Wilfred Grenfell founded St. Anthony's Hospital to serve the lonely fishermen's settlements, the word 'anti-biotic' did not even exist. Today, Lederle anti-biotics help control infectious diseases everywhere. Other Cyanamid medical supplies include surgical specialties and sutures, used in leading hospitals across Canada.

PEACE RIVER... The pioneers who are developing this grand and growing country are no longer left to fend for themselves in dangerous medical isolation. The doctors visiting them have the knowledge and the means to combat disease and infections with science's latest weapons, and many of these are developed and supplied by Lederle Pharmaceuticals.



CYANAMID OF CANADA WARS AGAINST DISEASE

This war's army wears white uniforms. Its proving grounds are hospitals, its test ranges are laboratories, its battlefields are everywhere . . .

Wherever there is disease, infection, suffering—that is where the white-coated army fights. Its members are the servants of mankind—doctors, nurses, teachers, scientists, researchers. And some of its best weapons are the Lederle pharmaceuticals which include anti-biotics, hormones, vaccines, and vitamins discovered and manufactured by Cyanamid.

These men, too, are not simply earning a living. That, indeed, like all of us, they must also do; but

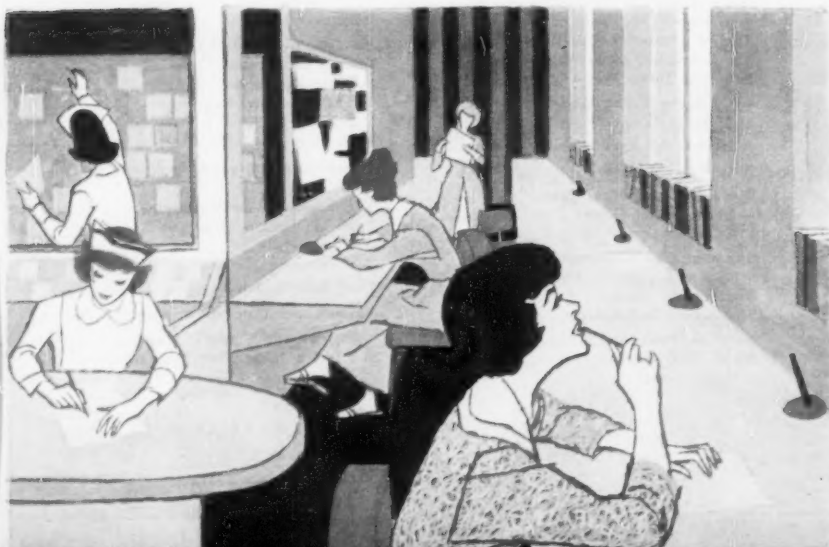
the mainspring of their work is a visionary dedication, a compelling drive to battle that which cripples and kills: disease in all its forms.

For more than 50 years, Cyanamid has been working in Canada, in association with public and private agencies and organizations, warring against the diseases afflicting man and nature, helping to prevent them, improving crops and nutrition, conserving our resources. It is work that ranges wide, and the men and women of Cyanamid are proud of it, because to them work done in the past is but a commitment for work *to be done* in the future.

CYANAMID OF CANADA LIMITED
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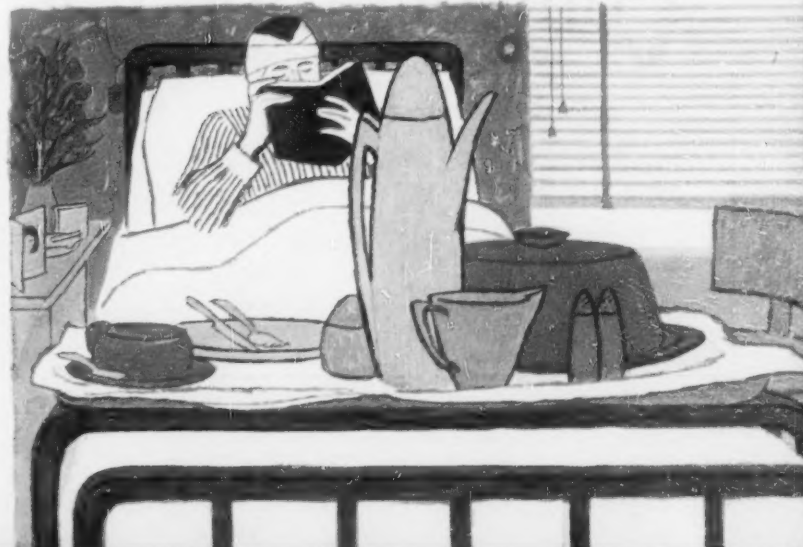
CYANAMID

FORMICA* . . . The war against disease requires cleanliness and cheerfulness as well as medical and surgical care. That is why so many Canadian hospitals use Cyanamid's Formica for desks, tables and wall coverings: Formica comes in designs and hues that make colour therapy part of every patient's overall treatment, and it is easy to keep spotlessly clean.



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*Registered Trade Mark





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CITY..... PROV.....

MY BIRTH DATE.....
(Month) (Day) (Year)

Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



BEST BET

S.O.S. PACIFIC: Despite some familiar banalities in its carefully "assorted" troupe of characters, this British melodrama is a lively old-fashioned suspense thriller. The survivors of a seaplane's forced landing in mid-Pacific discover that their island refuge is about to be vaporized in an H-bomb test. A rugged American sailor (Eddie Constantine, right), an implacable detective (Clifford Evans) and a deported floozie (Eva Bartok) are among the principals. With Richard Attenborough, Pier Angeli, John Gregson.

THE BIG FISHERMAN: Reverent but ponderous, this Biblical epic presents Howard Keel as Simon Peter, the scoffer who became the sturdiest of Christ's apostles. The story also concentrates heavily on a pair of young lovers (Susan Kohner, John Saxon) who are powerfully influenced by Peter. Rating: fair.

GOLIATH AND THE BARBARIANS: A loud and corny "historical" swash-buckler from Italy with a dubbed English sound track. The Goliath of its title is not King David's Old Testament opponent but a sixth-century muscle-man who defends Verona against savage invaders. He is woodenly played by Steve (Hercules) Reeves.

JOURNEY TO THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH: Largely because it doesn't take its own story too seriously and yet refrains from clumsy caricature, this turns out to be an entertaining science-fiction adventure, based on one of Jules Verne's long-ago fantasies. With James Mason, Pat Boone, Arlene Dahl.

SUDDENLY, LAST SUMMER: Smoothly put together but dismayingly replete with sick-sick-sick incidents and morbid symbolism, this latest Tennessee Williams drama to reach the screen makes his earlier efforts seem like sunny chapters from *Black Beauty* or *Little Women*. Involved in a web of emotional torment and perversion are a baleful Deep South aristocrat (Katharine Hepburn), her horrified niece (Elizabeth Taylor), and a baffled physician (Montgomery Clift).

GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

Beloved Infidel: Romantic drama. Fair.
Ben-Hur: Biblical drama. Excellent.
The Best of Everything: Drama. Fair.
The Bloody Brood: Crime drama. Fair.
Carry On Teacher: Comedy. Fair.
Carlton-Browne of the F.O.: British comedy. Good.
Cash McCall: Comedy-drama. Fair.
Edge of Eternity: Melodrama. Fair.
Ferry to Hong Kong: British comedy. Drama. Fair.
The FBI Story: G-man drama. Good.
The 5 Pennies: Biog-musical. Good.
Four Fast Guns: Western. Fair.
Gene Krupa Story: Biog-musical. Fair.
Girls Town: Reformatory drama. Poor.
A Hole in the Head: Comedy. Good.
I'm All Right, Jack: Comedy. Good.
The Last Angry Man: Drama. Good.
Left, Right and Centre: Comedy. Fair.
Li'l Abner: Comic musical. Good.
The Man Who Understood Women: Romantic comedy. Fair.
The Miracle: Costume drama. Poor.
The Mouse That Roared: Comedy. Good.
Never So Few: War romance. Good.
North West Frontier: Action drama in India. Good.

The Nun's Story: Drama. Excellent.
Odds Against Tomorrow: Drama. Good.
1001 Arabian Nights: Cartoon. Good.
On the Beach: Atom-survival drama. Good.
Operation Petticoat: Comedy. Fair.
Pillow Talk: Comedy. Excellent.
Porgy and Bess: Music-drama. Good.
Pork Chop Hill: War drama. Good.
Room at the Top: Adult drama from Britain. Excellent.
She Didn't Say No! Comedy. Fair.
Sign of the Gladiator: Drama. Poor.
Solomon and Sheba: "Bible" epic. Fair.
The Story on Page One: Courtroom drama. Excellent.
A Summer Place: Drama. Fair.
Tarzan the Ape Man: Adventure in jungle. Fair.
They Came to Cordura: Drama. Good.
Third Man on the Mountain: Alpine drama. Good.
—36—: Newspaper drama. Fair.
Tiger Bay: Suspense drama. Good.
Upstairs and Downstairs: Comedy. Fair.
The Wonderful Country: Western. Good.
The Wreck of the Mary Deare: Sea mystery-drama. Excellent.

Another adventure in one of the 87 lands
where Canadian Club is "The Best In The House."

Climbing Canada's Rockies
made me perform a

TIGHTROPE ACT

1. "Like a fly on a cobweb. That's how I felt travelling above 1800 feet of space on a tyrolean traverse in Alberta," writes an American friend of Canadian Club. "My guide, John Dodds, had schooled me in the traverse. 'Only way to climb that rock needle,' he'd said. He went first. Then it was my turn . . . and I nearly chickened out. But that rocky spire was a challenge."



2. "Rigging the aerial bridge had been John's job. It took nimble climbing, lots of time. Fascinated by the patient engineering, I didn't have a chance to lose my nerve until I saw John on the other side. Then it was up to me."



3. "I didn't look down until I'd made it safely across. John assured me we hadn't been reckless, but I hate to think what might have happened if a rope had slipped. I insisted that we rappel down, using our climbing ropes as friction brakes."

4. "Back in Banff, John insisted on celebrating my tightrope act with his best—Canadian Club! It was natural to meet my favourite at Canada's famous mountain resort. I find it wherever discriminating people gather."

Why this world-wide popularity? It's the distinctive light, satisfying flavour of Canadian Club. You can stay with it all evening long . . . in cocktails before dinner, and tall ones after. Try Canadian Club *yourself* and you'll see why it is served in every notable club, hotel or bar the world over.

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"Canadian Club"

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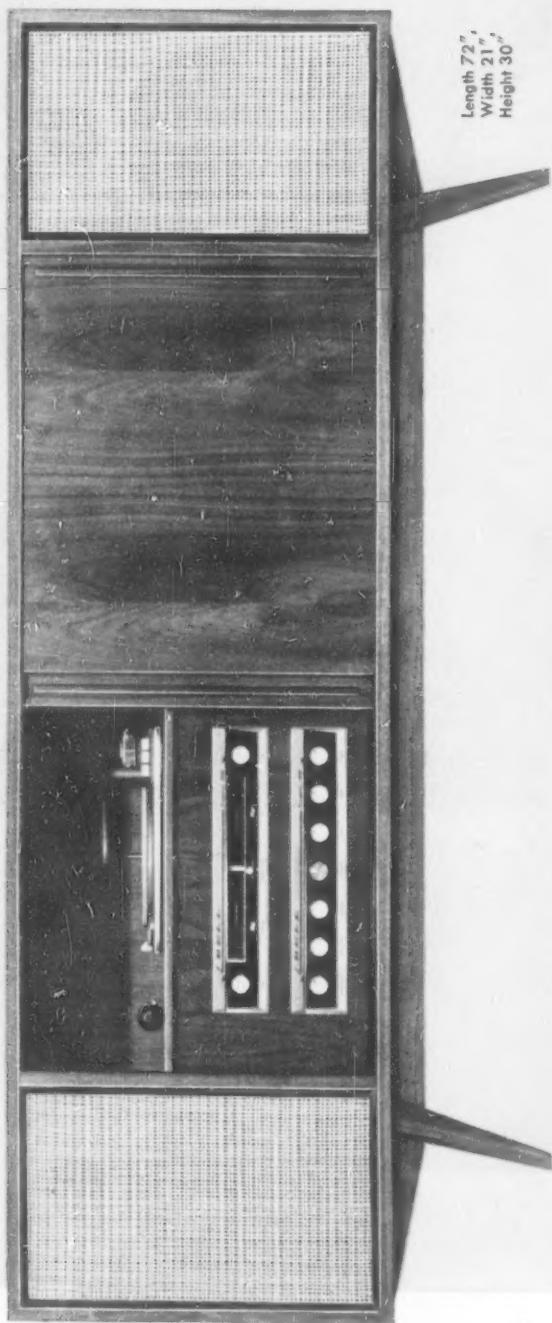
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Mayor of the world's greatest city

Continued from page 26

"In answer to critics who called him a social butterfly, he published a sweetly lethal ad"

in his widely quoted repertory include:

To Cardinal McGuigan, after Phillips returned from Rome, where he had an audience with the Pope: "We got along so well that I could have taken over the blessing rights in Toronto. But I told His Holiness they were already in good hands."

To Lord Louis Mountbatten, presenting him with a medal when he opened the CNE for the second time: "I hope you haven't pawned the one we gave you eleven years ago."

To Governor-General Vanier: "I'm told that you're part Irish and part French — and sometimes a little Scotch."

The people who criticize Phillips are more vocal than, but not nearly so numerous as, those who support him. His detractors inevitably face the hard fact that he has received more votes from Toronto citizens and survived the rough-and-tumble of civic politics for longer — thirty-five years — than any other man living or dead.

In a city of which some outlanders still say, "You have to be an Orangeman even to get elected dog catcher," Phillips is the first mayor of the Jewish faith. He says he has almost never encountered racial prejudice. But in the campaign which first won him the mayoralty in 1955, after his only two defeats in civic elections, he maintains that the injection of religion actually helped him. During the campaign, Mayor Leslie Saunders, a militant Protestant widely regarded as the probable winner, made remarks about Toronto's Protestant traditions which Phillips took as "a deliberate attempt to defeat me on the racial issue."

But Phillips won. In his inaugural speech he declared that he did not intend to serve any group, but to be "mayor of all the people." That phrase has become Phillips' oft-repeated slogan and his opponents, even while they deride it, admit it is probably worth thousands of votes.

The man who most frequently clashes with Phillips on civic affairs sometimes calls himself ironically "the mayor of none of the people." He is Frederick Gardiner, also known as "Big Daddy," chairman of the Metropolitan Toronto council, which has taken over some of the administrative functions of Toronto and a dozen surrounding municipalities. Phillips admires Gardiner's ability, but adds: "Of course, he is an appointed official. He doesn't have to face the people every two years."

Phillips in his sixth year as mayor of Toronto is the highest paid elected civic official in Canada. He receives \$24,300 a year (recently he turned down a \$1,000 raise voted by City Council with the comment, "I knew what the job paid when I became a candidate for mayor and I'm quite satisfied with that.") To the despair and sometimes disbelief of his detractors, he has been repeatedly chosen to head a government that annually spends more than any province except Ontario, Quebec and B. C. He has run Toronto, after his own fashion through its years of fast growth and greatest prosperity.

To do this Phillips works a minimum

fourteen-hour day that sometimes stretches to seventeen hours, often seven days a week. In a community that boasts of being "the city of homes" no citizen has less home life than the mayor. Nevertheless, few other couples are as constantly in each other's company as Nathan and Esther Phillips.

Mrs. Phillips (her husband and most friends call her Ett) explains this seeming paradox: "Fortunately, a good part of the mayor's duties consist of things we both love — going places, meeting people, representing the city at all kinds of pleasant and worthwhile functions." The mayor has established a firm rule: any invitation to the mayor, except to obviously "men only" gatherings, includes his wife.

In their unusual combination of municipal duty and togetherness, the mayor and his petite vivacious wife set a pace that exhausts many a younger traveler on the civic circuit of banquets, balls, opening nights, receptions, exhibitions, conventions, charity affairs, annual organization meetings, testimonial dinners and entertainment of visiting dignitaries. Sometimes Phillips doesn't have time to go home to change, so he does this in his city hall office. Occasionally Mrs. Phillips, whose own daytime engagement schedule is nearly as heavy as her husband's, changes in his office too.

He rolls with the punch

For the Phillips, an evening at home is a rarity. So when on a recent Sunday night they decided to invite friends for dinner Phillips had to explain: "We'll be going out to a restaurant. We don't know how well our new housekeeper can manage dinner — we've only had her a month."

The Phillips' daughter, now married and living in Sarnia, Ont., relates that for years after she was old enough to attend parties her father was never at home to see her leave, and not until he was immobilized by an operation did he first see her dressed in grown-up finery.

Nathan Phillips' tireless participation in the "public appearance" part of his job is not applauded by his opponents. In fact, it is derided as indicating that he is a social butterfly, and is added to the long list of complaints that are made against him.

He's far more interested, say his critics, in the social side of being mayor than in the routine problems of administration. In the last Toronto civic election the "social butterfly" charge became the chief issue raised by his opponents. Phillips ignored it until the last week of the campaign. Then he bought display space in the newspapers to publish a sweetly lethal advertisement. He did not deny anything. In fact he asserted that the functions he had attended during the year were "too numerous to mention."

He added that almost invariably these functions were held in the evenings "after your mayor has already put in a full day's work on the city's administrative busi-



Originality comes in many forms...

Put a snowman in the hands of a creative genius and anything can happen. Put the design of a car in the hands of people who have nourished and trained that precious talent of originality—and something very beautiful can happen. It happened to Pontiac for 1960. Take a long look...clean, crisp and as fresh as the winter air.

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When the sun goes down at sea,
the world holds its breath a moment.

Your heart quickens as you watch the waters ignite, then breath-
lessly see the fiery color extinguish itself, softly slipping your
world-at-sea into gentle darkness.

What was your day like, on your ship?

You felt that tired old self become still more of a stranger.

Never once did you think of the ragged cares of your everyday
world that only hours ago blocked
your horizon so hugely.

You laughed. You stretched.

You reached out and tried all you
could, but never touched the
bounds of your new horizon-to-
horizon world!

You reveled in the space that was
yours to live in. The size of your
ship. The very size of the air around you, ringing with laughter
and fun as you've never known it.

And your evening, now, will be filled once again with the rich
pleasures of a kingdom that belongs to you, generously shared
with those who share your ship.

Soon, soon, your ship will slip into port.

But the beginning of your adventures in Europe will have
started here. All to be remembered as one—the going and the
being there, the happiest trip of your life—to Europe by ship.

All to be recalled, again and again, with love.





Save 10% on Your Trip by Ship!

During 32 Weeks in 1960, Round-Trip Rates Reduced 10% for "Thrill Season"

Extra savings add to the extra thrill and pleasure of going to Europe by ship. 10% reductions by booking round-trip mean you save whether you use the same ship-line both ways, or a combination of lines... you save 10% on the ship portion even if you go one way by air!

You'll save money—and enjoy Europe more than ever—when you follow the lead of many travelers who go before or after the summer rush!

TO EUROPE	FROM EUROPE
Jan. 1... Apr. 14	Jan. 1... June 21
Aug. 23... Dec. 31	Nov. 1... Dec. 31

Your Ship Is More Than Transportation... It's a Vacation Resort that Takes You To Europe!

Comfortable stateroom and attentive service... gourmet meals and in-between snacks... wide decks for sports, sunning, strolling... endless shipboard fun, dancing, parties, games, first-run movies... supervised children's playrooms... huge free 275-pound baggage allowance... all included in your ship ticket!

See Your Travel Agent Now!

THE TRANS-ATLANTIC STEAMSHIP LINES

American Export Lines • Canadian Pacific Steamships • Companhia Colonial de Navegação • Cunard Line • Donaldson Line • Europe-Canada Line • French Line • Furness-Warren Line • Gdynia-America Line • Greek Line • Grimaldi-Siosa Lines • Hamburg-Atlantic Line • Holland-America Line • Home Lines • Inces Line • Italian Line • National Hellenic American Line • North German Lloyd • Norwegian America Line • Oranje Line • Swedish American Line • United States Lines • Zim Lines

Enjoy your trip, go by ship
to all Europe

The British Isles... Scandinavia... Mediterranean

ness." Then he printed a "partial list" — just sixty names long — of the functions he had attended during the year "to lend official support and personal assistance."

The list included just about every worthy group in the city. It took in gatherings for assorted constructive purposes of every religious denomination, of ethnic groups including Ukrainian, Scottish, Slovenian, Polish, Italian, Macedonian, Estonian, German, Baltic, Lithuanian and Hungarian organizations, with St. George's and St. David's Societies thrown in for good measure. He added functions in aid of epileptics, newsboys, boy scouts, ex-convicts, the YMCA and YWCA, the Working Boys' Home and the Big Brother Movement.

"If," concluded Phillips' ad, "attending such gatherings at the invitation of organizations seeking civic encouragement for their worthwhile efforts is being a 'social butterfly,' I accept the designation as a compliment." To each of the ethnic, religious and charitable groups named, Phillips' message was plain: his opponents were trying to defeat him by claiming that the mayor's interest in their affairs indicated a frivolous outlook.

Veteran city hall observers agree that the "social butterfly" campaign backfired and that Phillips' shrewd advertisement may well have been the deciding factor.

His critics also charge that Mayor Phillips is too ready to take off for parts abroad instead of sticking to his desk. The log of his travels as mayor is indeed an impressive one. He has visited most of the countries of western and southern Europe, Britain, Israel, the islands of the Caribbean, Florida, Mexico and most major cities of the United States. Phillips answers his critics blandly:

"My trips spread the name and fame of Toronto far and wide. Any time I can bring three or four million dollars into Toronto by putting in an appearance, and making a speech in some foreign city, I think it's worth my absence." Phillips' reference is to a trip he made to St. Louis to persuade an international convention of real estate men to hold their 1959 meeting in Toronto.

Phillips is also accused of monopolizing the scores of invitations to assorted functions that pour into city hall, and not passing on even those he can't accept. "The only bid I got last year was to a spiritualists' convention," grumbled one alderman, "and spirits don't vote."

Phillips says: "I'd be only too happy if others were acceptable to those who send the invitations. Those invitations are to the mayor of Toronto and I feel it my duty to accept all I can. When I can't, I tell my secretary to find out if someone else will do. Usually they say they would be offended at that, and I'm not going to force them to accept someone they don't want."

Phillips isn't interested in the dull routine of detail involved in running a city, say his critics. They point to a recent incident in city council when Jean Newman, Toronto's first woman controller, director of the civic budget, Phillips' sharpest adversary and his most likely opponent for mayor in 1961, reported that Toronto would have a budget surplus for 1959.

"That's better than last year," observed Phillips. "We had a deficit, didn't we?"

"No, we didn't," replied the lady controller in exasperation, "we had a surplus of four hundred thousand dollars."

Phillips explained his philosophy about details of business when he proposed a twenty-million-dollar world's fair for Toronto in 1967, Canada's centennial year, and members of council peppered him with questions about details of his plan:

"There are people who are better qualified than I to work out the details, and they are paid for that. The mayor's function is to initiate broad plans for the betterment of this great city."

Phillips insists that he is far from incapable of grasping details. "When I was actively practicing law," he says, "there was no greater stickler for detail. There used to be a saying in the real estate business, 'When Phillips searches a title, that title is searched.'"

But his legal reputation does not rest solely on his painstaking approach. Few of the Toronto women who support Phillips because of his willingness to support their "varied and worthy activities" know that he has done womankind a far greater service. In legal circles the ebullient mayor of Toronto enjoys a quieter but wider and more enduring celebrity as "Phillips, N., counsel for plaintiff in Applebaum v. Gilchrist." The case, which occupies the greatest space of all the hearings before the Ontario supreme court in the court's official reports for 1946, won the final victory in women's long struggle for legal and personal equality with men.

Phillips represented Mrs. Solly Applebaum in a damage suit against a Mrs. Gilchrist, a divorcee, for allegedly "wrongfully enticing her husband, whereby she lost his society and services." Mr. Justice W. F. Schroeder denied a writ, on the legal (but to the layman startling) grounds that although a man could sue another man for wife-stealing, a wife in Ontario had no redress against another woman who caused her husband to stray.

His gamble pays off

Phillips was aware that numerous previous decisions were against him, but he considered them remnants of a medieval custom that made man the master and woman the chattel. He appealed to the Supreme Court of Ontario.

Strangely enough, Phillips based his appeal largely on an Australian case in which the majority verdict held that "inducing a husband to depart from home, whereby the wife loses the society, comfort, protection and support of her husband, affords her no cause for action."

"It was a dangerous step," Phillips recalled recently, "and the judges seemed surprised that I cited the case. But I explained that I hoped they would be more impressed by the single dissenting judgment of Judge Isaac Isaacs than by the majority verdict."

Isaacs, who later became governor-general of Australia, had declared: "I am at a loss to understand why a married woman should be unable to obtain in the King's courts redress for deprivation of rights which, if she is a normal wife and mother, are the most precious she possesses."

Phillips' "dangerous step" succeeded. Mr. Justice Wilfrid Roach found against his client, but the two other judges reversed the decision of the lower court.

Phillips, who has served as a crown prosecutor as well as a defender, has long since lost count of the number of cases he has been involved in. Which is not surprising, since, at 67, he has been "in law" for more than fifty-one years.

Nathan Phillips was born in Brockville, Ont., but the family soon moved to Cornwall. (Nathan had a younger brother and four younger sisters, of whom two sisters survive.) Jacob Phillips' haberdashery business was small, his son remembers, because his chief interest was politics. He was a dedicated Conservative but never ran for office. Nathan's mother, the former Mary Rosenbloom, who was

keen-minded and active until her death a few weeks ago at eighty-nine, managed the small family income shrewdly.

Phillips cannot remember a time when politics wasn't a major ingredient in his life. And when he was ten years old he knew what he wanted to be—in addition to a politician. One day he sat in the courtroom at Cornwall while Robert Pringle, an eloquent lawyer, addressed a jury. "I knew then that I must become a lawyer," Phillips recalls.

He breezed through his junior matriculation before his sixteenth birthday. At the same time, though, he had to earn money to see him through Osgoode Hall, the Ontario law school in Toronto. He set one thousand dollars as his objective—a huge sum for a student to acquire in those days. Some of it he earned by selling neckties in his father's store, but the greater part came from photography. With a No. 2 Kodak Brownie box camera he roamed Cornwall and vicinity, soliciting family portraits, baby pictures, snapshots of family pets, First Communion photos and bridal groups. He developed and printed the films himself and sold them for fifty cents a half dozen.

His two boyhood occupations have remained his hobbies—photography and neckties. Phillips bestows ties much as John D. Rockefeller bestowed dimes. He keeps dozens in his city hall office and at home and hands them out, after due appraisal of his guest's shade of clothing and temperament: gaudy cravats for extroverts, conservative models for more withdrawn personalities.

And if anyone wonders what Nathan Phillips discussed with such distinguished visitors to Toronto as Lord Louis Mountbatten and Prince Philip, after the official platitudes had been exchanged, here is the inside story: it was photography.

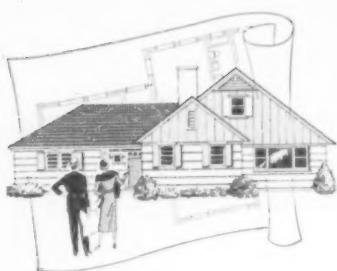
Phillips discovered that both these celebrities shared his enthusiasm for the projection of three-dimension color slides. The mayor owns a library of hundreds of slides, which add up to a photographic record of his and Mrs. Phillips' travels, but he seldom has time to look at them.

Phillips continued his photographic career until he was eighteen, by which time he had accumulated his thousand-dollar objective and had served two years in the Cornwall law office of Robert Smith, later a judge of the supreme court. Then he took off for Toronto and Osgoode Hall.

A young man in a hurry, Phillips graduated six months too early to be called to the bar—the minimum age was twenty-one. (A few years later he would become the youngest King's Counsel in Ontario.) While he waited for age to catch up with him, he had leisure for some social life. At a party he met a girl named Etta Lyons. Not long after he was called to the bar, Phillips and the vivacious Miss Lyons were engaged and he had a job with a law firm. It was then they started the inseparable partnership that endures to this day—in a way that Mrs. Phillips remembers with mixed emotions: "On Saturdays we stepped out—in to an office where Nate had rented desk space. We used to go there and wait for legal business to come in, so that he could build up a law practice on the side and afford to get married."

The engagement was not a placid one. Phillips bought a violin and learned to play it as an instrument of courtship. He kept it at the Lyons home, and interested neighbors learned to regard that fiddle as a barometer of the state of the romance.

"Look," they would say behind discreetly drawn curtains, "Ett has sent Nate



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packing with his fiddle. They've quarrelled again." A few evenings later Phillips would return triumphantly with his violin case, and word would pass around that they had made up again. After the violin had made several trips, they were married in 1917.

Phillips first ran for city council in 1924, admittedly as a first step toward what he hoped would be a career in federal politics. Although he was invincible as an alderman, his three attempts to win federal and provincial elections failed. Phillips accepted the verdicts as a strong hint that his future was with Toronto.

In gratitude, he has become Toronto's most voluble and emphatic booster. He uses the term "greatest city in the world" interchangeably with the name Toronto. Recently when he had to undergo minor surgery he told the anaesthetist: "I'm going to talk about Toronto while you're putting me under. When I stop talking

about Toronto you'll know I'm unconscious."

If Phillips wins one more election he will become the longest-serving mayor of Toronto, with eight years. Only one other Toronto mayor, Thomas Church, served as long as seven years, and the average of all mayors since Mackenzie is just over two years. Even if he loses, he will probably share in a unique situation—the first mayor to be defeated by a woman candidate, since Controller Jean Newman is regarded as his most likely opponent in the next election.

If and when he is no longer mayor, Phillips says he will have to go back to law to earn a living. Although he is the highest-paid elected civic official in Canada, Phillip says he is far from being comfortably off. "I own my house and some mining stocks of uncertain value, and that's all."

He doesn't drive a car, but travels in

a city-owned Lincoln and it takes two chauffeurs working in shifts to keep up with his schedule. Often on his way to city hall he will pick up someone waiting at a bus stop, and listen to his views on what's right and wrong with civic government. When his passengers thank him for the ride, he answers: "Don't thank me. It's your car."

He says that until something happens to change his status of "mayor of all the people," he will be far too busy to think of his future. His schedule allows him to catch up with the day's news only by reading the newspapers under the dome light of his car as he drives from one meeting to another. Once a fan of many comic strips, he now has time for only one: Mandrake the Magician.

"There's a man who would make a good mayor," he says enviously. "With a hypnotic wave of his hand he could be at six places at the same time." ★



The horrid scandal at Tranby Croft continued from page 25

"Wilson turned and whispered, 'By Gad, Levett, this is too much'"

Four packs of cards were shuffled together and stacked in front of the player who was banker. He then declared that he'd make a bank of, say, fifty pounds, and put colored counters representing that sum on the table in front of him. The players, divided into two groups called the right and left tableaux, depending on which side of the banker they were sitting, placed their bets. Next the banker dealt one card face down to one of the players in each of the tableaux, and then one card face down to himself. Then he repeated the deal and looked at his cards. If they totaled eight or nine (face cards counted ten) they made a "natural," which was the highest point. If the person playing for either the right or the left tableau also had one, he and the others on his side kept whatever bets they'd made. If the player's cards totaled more than the banker's, the banker paid that side. If they totaled less, the banker collected. When the cards held came to more than ten, ten was subtracted; so that fifteen, for example, became five.

That was all there was to the kind of baccarat the Prince of Wales liked to play—a game within the grasp of anyone, whether when cold sober or after a dinner such as the guests at Tranby Croft had just had. The catch was that players could lose a fortune unless the banker set a top limit on the possible loss. That night the Prince was banker, and set the limit at a hundred pounds—roughly what the average English workman in the Nineties could earn in four years. And at 11 p.m. the party took their seats around three card tables which had been placed end to end in the next room—there being no special baccarat table at Tranby Croft.

One player was young Arthur Wilson, the son of the house, sitting between his friend Berkeley Levett on one side and Sir William Gordon-Cumming on the other. Before the Prince started to deal the cards, Wilson looked round to see if people were placing big bets or not, and noticed there was one red counter, with a value of five pounds, in front of Sir William. Thus when their side won, Sir William should have been paid one red counter, since that was what he'd staked before it was too late to raise the bet. But Wilson was astounded to see that

at payoff time there were three red counters in front of Sir William, who was consequently given that number by the Prince.

Young Wilson could hardly believe his eyes, but he watched Sir William carefully from that moment. A little later he saw something else that looked strange to him. This time the player drawing cards for their side was Lord Edward Somerset, who got a natural, which meant that his side was bound to win. Wilson noticed that again Sir William had one red counter in front of him, and was holding his hands together, palms touching directly above the one counter. Wilson also noticed that Sir William leaned over to see what cards Lord Edward had drawn, as he was entitled to do—provided he didn't raise his bet. But Wilson had also noticed something red between the palms of Sir William's hands. And when Sir William saw the natural, Wilson saw that he opened his hands and let three more red counters fall on the one already in front of him.

Suicide — or ostracism

Wilson turned to young Berkeley Levett and whispered, "By Gad, Levett, this is too much!"

Levett, also whispering, said, "What on earth do you mean?"

Wilson said, "This man next to me is cheating!"

Levett, who was a junior officer to Sir William in the Scots Guards, said Wilson must be mistaken—that it was absolutely impossible. But Wilson asked him to watch Sir William and see for himself, and a few minutes later Levett did see what looked to him like cheating, and whispered, "By Gad, it is too much!"

Neither of them knew how to handle a situation that was almost literally unthinkable in their circle. An officer could habitually get drunk, or try to ravish a pretty debutante in a railway carriage, or pile up bills he never intended to pay, or otherwise misconduct himself, and provided he could get away with it, all would be well—even though his behavior was common knowledge among his brother officers. But the one unforgivable sin was to cheat at cards. It was as bad a crime as murder; and if a

convicted cheat didn't follow convention and cut his throat, he was banished forever from the society of his former friends.

Not knowing what they should do about Sir William, the two young men went on playing that night until the game was over—every now and again taking a whisky and soda from the silver trays that were passed round by the footmen, forcing themselves to carry on as though nothing had happened. With the Prince of Wales there, wreathed in cigar smoke and having a wonderful time, the ordeal was almost more than they could bear.

After the game young Wilson went up to Levett's room with him, and Levett threw himself down on the bed and said, "My God, think of it! Think of it! Lieutenant-Colonel Sir William Gordon-Cumming, Baronet—caught cheating at cards!" Wilson asked what they should do.

Levett said, "He was my captain for a year and a half. Don't ask me what to do about it." Young Wilson said he would speak to his brother-in-law, Lycett Green, the next morning—Green being a few years older and far more worldly than they were. But instead of waiting to consult Green, Wilson went straight to his mother's room and told her what had happened.

Mrs. Wilson was greatly shocked, as her son expected her to be—but not so much because a guest had cheated. "For goodness' sake," she cried, "don't let's have a scandal here!" She didn't doubt that young Wilson was right, and that Sir William had indeed cheated; but she felt it could be ignored if it didn't happen again. Her son assured her it couldn't. Immediately after the game he'd told the butler to cover one of the long tables from the pantry with green baize cloth, and draw a white line around it with chalk, near the edge. This, young Wilson said, would be just like a regular baccarat table and make it virtually impossible for Sir William to cheat any more. Bets would have to be pushed inside the white line before cards were dealt.

Wilson and his mother thought this could be the end of the matter, as perhaps it might have been if Wilson hadn't told Lycett Green about it the next



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morning. Green was shocked, but had no suggestion to make, and repeated the story to his wife and nobody else. Thus only five people were in the know when the whole house party left later that morning for the races at Doncaster, traveling in two luxurious special railway carriages. Lunch and champagne were served at the track by footmen from Tranby Croft, and the afternoon was a great success—particularly for the Prince, who made some shrewd bets and was in a jovial mood when they got back from Doncaster in good time for dinner.

Afterwards they played baccarat again, and once more the Prince was banker. Sir William, as he'd been the first night, was again the big winner. This time he was watched closely by four of the five people who thought him a cheat. (Young Berkeley Levett couldn't bear to check any further on a brother officer and tried not to see anything amiss.) The game began, and a little later Lycett Green's face suddenly went pale and he got up and went into the next room. The others supposed he'd had too much to drink and needed fresh air; but that wasn't it. A few minutes later a servant came in with a sealed envelope which he handed to Mrs. Wilson. Green had sent her a note to say he'd just seen Sir William cheat twice, that it was horrible, and that something would have to be done—but what?

Mrs. Wilson, anxious above all not to involve the Prince in a scandal, decided there was nothing to be done. Green soon came back and went on playing, and the game didn't end until after midnight, when the hostess asked the Prince's permission to stop—saying smoothly that it was high time for bed. The Prince agreed, still perfectly unaware that his friend Sir William had been accused; and when a final round of drinks had been served, everyone went upstairs.

The next day, Wednesday, September 10, 1890, the house party went to Doncaster again in the elegant special railway carriages. As before they had lunch and champagne and fun, and got back to Tranby Croft rather earlier than they had on Tuesday. One of the older guests, Lieutenant-General Sir Owen Williams, decided to have a sleep before dinner; but at 7 p.m. a still older guest, the Earl of Coventry, woke him. Something very unpleasant had happened, Lord Coventry said, and would the general please come with him. That was all he would say, and the baffled general didn't learn what the trouble was until they got to the Earl's room.

Four men were waiting there—young Wilson, Lord Edward Somerset, Lord Arthur Somerset, and Lycett Green. Green asked Lord Coventry, as the senior person present, to write down what he was about to say. It was this—"Mr. Lycett Green stated that his brother-in-law, Mr. Arthur Wilson, had told him that on the evening of the eighth, Sir William Gordon-Cumming systematically placed a larger stake on the table after the cards had been declared in his favor than he originally laid down—and that he repeatedly withdrew a portion of the stake when the cards were against him." And Green went on to say that this had also been seen by Mrs. Wilson and others, and that on the evening of the ninth Sir William "had again been observed most distinctly to repeat the same practices."

After Lord Coventry, shaking with emotion, had got the statement written down, the four younger men left him alone with the general. He and Lord

Coventry decided there was nothing for it but to tell the Prince of Wales about the appalling thing his friend had done, and that then they must let Sir William know of the accusation. They found him in the smoking room, happy and tranquil, and it was very hard for them to decide how to break the news. Lord Coventry spoke first. "Some of the party have been, ah—commenting on your conduct at baccarat," he said. Sir William gasped. "Good God!" he said. "What do you mean? What are they saying?"

Lord Coventry came straight to the point. "They accuse you of cheating."

Sir William indignantly denied that he'd cheated, and asked who his accusers were. Lord Coventry named Arthur Wilson and Lycett Green, and Sir William snorted and said surely his two old friends, as men of the world, didn't believe what was said by a couple of inexperienced boys; implying that they didn't know enough about baccarat to judge what was permissible play and what wasn't. Lord Coventry and the general ignored this; and after a moment of strained silence, Lord Coventry told Sir William that the Prince knew about the charge against him. Sir William stiffened, and asked his friends if they would



arrange for him to see the Prince. They said they would—and just then a gong boomed. In every big country house in England a gong was rung as a signal to dress for dinner; and the three men in the smoking room were so rigidly conventional that without another word they went upstairs to get into their evening clothes.

Dinner that night was another triumph of upper-class convention. One didn't show distress or any other emotion of real consequence in front of the servants, particularly at table. The Prince was his usual self: affable when he was interested in what was being said, obviously bored when he wasn't. Mrs. Wilson did her best to be brilliant. Sir William was as cool, correct and agreeable as ever. Course after course was served and taken away; and when dinner was over there was the customary departure of ladies to the drawing room, followed a little later by the gentlemen. There was, as always, a period of conversation. But that night there was no music, and no baccarat. Instead, about 10 p.m., the Prince left the room and the evening was thus officially ended. But in a sense that was to prove unfortunate for accusers and accused alike, it had only then begun.

Lord Coventry and the general brought all the men who claimed to have seen Sir William cheat, and all the men who had merely been told about it, to the Prince's room. The Prince heard what they had to say, making little or no comment. Then General Williams said it was obviously most important to prevent a scandal that would involve His Royal Highness, however indirectly, and made a proposal. If Sir William would

undertake never to play cards again as long as he lived, those who knew about the cheating would promise to keep forever silent about the whole affair.

Everyone except Lycett Green agreed to this without hesitation. Green held back on the grounds that later, when there had been enough time for the witnesses to begin to forget details, Sir William might very well force them to accuse him again, and so give grounds for a lawsuit which he would probably win, since they had no legal proof of their charges. General Williams and the others conceded that Green had a point, and after they'd thought it over they made up their minds that Sir William must be asked to put his promise in writing, and that in return their promise would be put in writing too and signed by them all. Whereupon everyone but the Prince left, and Lord Coventry and the general went off to bring Sir William to confront His Royal Highness.

The interview lasted only a few minutes. Sir William told the Prince that he totally denied the charges, and the Prince said: "What can you do? There are five accusers against you." Sir William said, with quiet desperation, that something must be done, and Lord Coventry asked him to go away and wait for a while. Half an hour later Lord Coventry came to get him, and brought him back to the Prince's room. General Williams was still there, but the Prince wasn't. The two men told Sir William that the whole thing would be hushed up provided he would sign the paper they handed to him.

On it was written: "In consideration of the promise made by the gentlemen whose names are subscribed, to preserve silence with reference to an accusation which has been made with regard to my conduct at baccarat on the nights of Monday and Tuesday, the eighth and ninth of September 1890, at Tranby Croft, I will on my part solemnly undertake never to play cards again as long as I live." It was signed by everyone concerned—everyone, that is, except Mrs. Wilson and her daughter: the only two women in the party who knew what had been going on.

When Sir William had read this, he cried out that it amounted to admitting he was guilty. Lord Coventry and the general said it was the only way to avoid a scandal, and that if he didn't sign, the story would be told all over the race-course at Doncaster the following day. Sir William said again that by signing he would, in effect, be admitting he was guilty, and again denied that he was. Then he begged them, as two of his oldest and closest friends, to advise him what to do. They said they agreed it amounted to an admission, but that it would be best for him to sign; and Sir William, very reluctantly, did sign.

The next morning he made his excuses to Mrs. Wilson, saying that he'd been called to London on business, left Tranby Croft and caught a noon train. In theory the whole sorry business was forgotten. In theory he was still the officer and gentleman, to be treated accordingly by everyone, including the accusers. But in fact the Prince of Wales let him know that his company was no longer welcome. The owner of Tranby Croft, although he hadn't played baccarat with his wife and guests and had stayed completely clear of the matter, could never be Sir William's host again. And, in fact, no secret known to so many people was likely to be kept for long.

It wasn't. The paper Sir William had signed was in a sealed envelope, kept safely by the Prince's private secretary

as the Prince had directed. But somebody talked. Nobody knew who it was; but by Christmas of 1890 the secret was out, and the affair at Tranby Croft was common gossip in the fashionable circles of London. Sir William was forced to do what he could to defend himself; and what he did was to bring an action for slander against Mrs. Wilson, her son Arthur, Lycett Green, Green's wife, and young Berkeley Levett.

The case was heard in the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice, before the Lord Chief Justice of England and a special jury, beginning on June 1, 1891, and ending eight days later. It made a wonderful story for the newspapers. All over the world they played it up as the Baccarat Case, and carried it on their front pages. In Toronto, for example, the Daily Mail gave it as much coverage, although with smaller headlines, as the running account of Sir John A. Macdonald's last illness and his death, which happened while the Baccarat Case was still being heard.

Fascinated readers followed every detail of the evidence, and took sides for or against Sir William from the start. The respectable middle class, for the most part, condemned him and all concerned, and particularly the Prince of Wales, more because of the fact that they'd been gambling than because five people had accused Sir William of cheating. The respectable upper class reacted in much the same way. Only the ultra-sophisticated smart set and the poor were for him—the smart set because they weren't prejudiced and considered he was right to claim that he'd played according to the rules and customs of baccarat as they were observed by experienced players, and that his accusers, who weren't experienced, had in perfect good faith mistaken some of these accepted practices for cheating. The poor were on his side because they thought him a fine, gallant figure of a man, and because they always did rally to anyone with the courage to fight against long odds.

Day after day the case dragged on in the crowded court, which looked, as several reporters pointed out, a good deal like a fashionable London theatre during the performance of an enthralling play. The Lord Chief Justice, Lord Coleridge, had allowed several ladies and gentlemen to sit with him on the bench, and his wife was at his side—fortunately, since he had a tendency to drop off to sleep after lunch, and when this happened she woke him by poking him gently with her fan. But neither she nor anyone else could keep him from being what many observers considered openly partial to the defendants and unfavorable to Sir William, who was represented by the solicitor-general of England, Sir Edward Clarke, appearing as a barrister in private practice. Sir Charles Russell was leading counsel for the Wilsons, the Greens and Berkeley Levett; and neither of the two legal titans allowed himself to forget the decorum suitable to a case that involved the Prince of Wales.

They were positively obsequious when the Prince was called as a witness, let him off with only a few questions, and didn't try to make him enlarge on his brief replies, spoken in a hoarse voice with a pronounced German accent. Reporters noticed that he seemed ill at ease and restless—no doubt because a regular storm of disapproval had blown up against him, largely on the grounds that he'd brought with him to Tranby Croft the baccarat counters that had been used. This, in the opinion of great numbers of solid citizens, made him no better than



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a professional gambler, and he was represented as such in many a savage cartoon.

On June 9, 1891, the seventh day of Sir William Gordon-Cumming's action for slander, the Lord Chief Justice gave his charge to the jury, which was composed mostly of men of no social distinction, and they retired to consider their verdict. They were out of court exactly thirteen minutes, and when they came back they had found for the defendants.

Sir William had, in effect, been branded a cheat, and banished forever from the world he knew. But he held his head high, was cheered by the crowds in the street when he left the court, and the

following day married a wealthy young American woman who loved him and believed in him. So did many others, including Henry Labouchère, the editor of a weekly magazine called Truth. Labouchère, an expert at baccarat, insisted that nobody ever cheated at the game in the way Sir William was accused of having done. That, wrote Labouchère, "would only be done by a lunatic, and done with impunity only if the lunatic were surrounded by idiots."

It is permitted to anyone to agree with the editor of Truth that justice was not done to Sir William Gordon-Cumming, who died, in an obscurity that seems to have been not unhappy, at the age of eighty-two. ★



You reveal yourself by what you tell

Continued from page 17

An expert says: "In a sense, we're all mentally ill." He suggests "psychoanalysis for everyone"

within him? What kinds of things do people conceal about themselves? Why? Who do they talk freely to? Who *should* they talk freely to? How much should they tell?

Most people are only fitfully aware that there is an inner clash. The sole symptom may be a tiny moment of puzzled irritation or dismay: "Why on earth couldn't I come right out and admit the truth?" or, on the other hand, "Now what made me tell that?" Or it may catch their attention by the anomaly of dislike for the confidante that often follows the luxurious heart-to-heart talk.

Yet ever since Freud, students of the human personality have been convinced that our patterns of self-disclosure are crucial. In fact classic psychoanalysis is based on the premise that mental sickness resides just in what we keep secret — and that the cure is to talk about it. And talk. And talk.

By this token, everyone who keeps secrets — that is, everyone — is more or less sick. This is just what one English psychiatrist, Charles Berg, maintains. "We are all, in a sense, mentally ill people," he writes. Then he offers his solution: "It may be a justifiable ideal that every person . . . should be analyzed."

In the same vein, marriage counselors prescribe full and frank disclosure between partners for a happy marriage; welfare workers think many problems could be solved if parents and children talked freely to each other; and industry has its staff counselors installed to encourage and hear out employee beefs.

And it would almost seem that people are as eager to talk about themselves as the social scientists are to have them talk. Gordon Allport, a U.S. social scientist, reports, "When students are given their option in writing either an autobiography or a case study of some other personality the majority — often eighty percent — choose to write about themselves." The Public Opinion Quarterly, commenting on a survey of sex attitudes in Britain, remarked, "Many people stopped at random in the street were eager to talk to perfect strangers."

Yet talking readily, even about personal things, is not total self-disclosure. Psychiatrists know that some material is so painful for a patient to dig out of himself that he will fall into lies and abuse,

spend whole sessions in stubborn silence or threaten to discontinue treatment rather than put it into words. Derek Miller, formerly on the staff of the Saskatchewan Hospital at Weyburn and later with the Menninger Foundation, tells of a delinquent seventeen-year-old whom welfare workers couldn't help because he literally could not bear to talk about himself at all.

While most people, unlike this boy, are eager to talk about themselves, they will keep from one person what they will reveal to another. A man will speculate about the new blond in the office with his co-workers but not with his wife. He will tell his wife details of his college carousals that he would never tell his parents. He will tell his parents he is having to borrow money but will do all he can to hide it from his golf partner. He will indulge in florid accounts of his past to his golf partner but not to his son. And he will tell his son of his love for poetry though he thinks he would sooner die than admit to his co-workers that parts of A Shropshire Lad still move him to tears.

A stranger may hear all

These selective reticences and revelations may seem normal and practical to him. But people often make a choice of confidante that seems quite impractical. It's not uncommon for patients in neurological hospitals to remain on guard with psychiatrists but unburden themselves to the nurses or the masseuse. A Canadian-born sociologist, Erving Goffman, reports studies that reveal men will bypass their own doctor to confess to some corner druggist that they need abortifacients, contraceptives or venereal-disease cures. And almost everyone, at some time, has discussed an intimate problem with some bystander—even a stranger—who could not possibly help or arbitrate. "Marital troubles," sighs Lou Friedman, manager of the Co-op Cab Company in Toronto, "It's almost a fact that seven or eight out of every ten fares are gonna tell you their marital troubles. Or girl-friend troubles."

A little over two years ago, Sidney Jourard, an associate research professor at the University of Florida, undertook studies of what people are willing to reveal, and to whom.

Here are some of his findings:

Mothers are generally the closest confidante of unmarried young people, sons or daughters;

Females also confide in their girl friends and males in their men friends, but females tell least about themselves to their beaux, and males to their girl friends;

Married men and women transfer their confidences from parents to spouse, but don't tend to increase the number or depth;

Most people will talk willingly about their attitudes, tastes and work;

The majority are reticent about their financial affairs, their personality and their bodily functions and appearance;

Women disclose themselves more than men.

"Women are quite prepared to talk about their sexual habits—which after all have some moral connotations," reports Ralph Bowden, president of Trans-Canada Marketing Studies.

"But," he adds, "it's an astonishing thing. Women are *not* prepared to answer questions about menstruation, which has no moral connotations."

The literature of the human personality suggests there are at least three drives that prompt people to talk about themselves. The first—and the most time-honored—is catharsis, that gush of relief and freedom that follows confession of guilt. Many North Americans heard or read Charles Van Doren's recent confession that he'd cheated as a quiz contestant on the TV quiz show *Twenty-One*. They also heard him say, "This is the first time I've felt happy for three years." Many people have found that secret guilt is a blackmailer and that publishing the blackmail themselves is the only release from a frightened eternity of paying.

The second motive could be called exhibitionism. It is the need for prestige, the need to make a mark, to get attention, sympathy, love, pity, even hatred or contempt—any sort of recognition. Sob stories, confessions for shock value, or locker-room boasts are of this order. It is a motive that's capable of sweeping aside even the simplest caution. Artie Newman, a member of the notorious Birger gang that terrorized southern Illinois in the Twenties, once started trading anecdotes with a stranger on a trans-continental train. The stranger talked very big about guys being bumped off and other guys being taken for a ride. Newman began topping him. The stranger was a reporter, Pulitzer prize winner John T. Rogers, of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. Newman and ten of his gang were convicted of the two murders he'd bragged of to Rogers.

The third motive is self-understanding. It's as though putting feelings into words helped them make sense, begin to seem normal. The confidante's reaction can complete the process. If he is unshocked, unsurprised, unpuzzled, the confider feels confirmed in his self-analysis and freed of his fears of being unattractive or—worse—unnatural. Most heart-to-heart talks and bull sessions send the talkers home a little more sure that what they are is, after all, all right.

But each motive to tell has its matching motive for silence. The need for self-confirmation may be countered by the terror of finding oneself abnormal. Researchers into psychic phenomena or into the subject of hallucination are convinced that many people desperately conceal such experiences through fear of learning that they are to be considered mad.

The urge to confess and find catharsis

may be outweighed by the fear of punishment. So for years Sheila Graham, the Hollywood columnist, could bring herself to tell no one that she had been born Lily Sheil in a London slum lest she lose her job, her status, her friends and her lover.

The need for recognition may keep people mute as well as driving them to talk: they will hide information about themselves that might lower their prestige, or prevent their raising it. This seems to be the motive behind the universal—and initially puzzling—reticence about

income. People will tell how they voted in the last election, how they cheated on a college exam and why they nearly committed suicide. But to have others know the size of their salary seems as threatening as though it were, in literal truth, the measure of what they're worth. In the same way, it's commonplace among poll-takers that their respondents will seek to raise their status by pretending that they vote, contribute to community chest and have a driver's license.

There is one other area of reticence, so deep-rooted and instinctive that it

seems linked with a kind of self-preservation. This is the experience of mental anguish or outrage so severe that it cannot be faced. A Toronto book editor said recently, "The one thing I've never been able to discuss with anyone was something I saw once as a child. It was someone torturing an animal in an unbelievable way. It's as though if I put it into words it would make it real." In the same way soldiers returning from battle will say, "I don't want to talk about it." And a Scottish psychoanalyst, Dr. W. Ronald Fairbairn, after noting that sexual offen-

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ders would talk freely about their crimes, reported that the children who had been victims of their assault could not be persuaded to talk about the experience.

Humiliation seems to tap the same self-protective instinct. Annette Garrett, a U. S. social worker, reports the case of a boy who was being counseled because he'd quit school. The boy admitted without probing that he'd once got into trouble for pilfering, but only with skilful and patient questioning and after many false starts could he blurt out his most painful secret: he wouldn't go to school because his mother had made his underwear from her own cut-down knickers and he wouldn't risk being seen in them in the washrooms or gym locker room.

Why didn't the boy tell his mother instead of the counselor? "She'd feel real bad because she knows we haven't any money to get underwear," he explained.

The decision to spare someone is part of the urge to be worthy of approval. For, though the evolution of inhibitions is infinitely complex, one way of describing it is as a gradual process of learning what people do not want to hear and obediently keeping it from them.

It starts in babyhood. If what the child reports about himself brings too much anger or distress from his parents he will stop reporting it. So he learns to suppress—and to feel guilty about—his destructive rages, his jealousy, his curiosity, his occasional impotent hatred of his parents, his lies, lusts, cruelties or stupidities. It is "sins" such as these—smothered, festering unacknowledged—that may bring him to the psychoanalyst's couch in later life. Soon the child learns to screen his confidences not only according to what behaviour will bring approval or displeasure from his parents but also according to their views on what is welcome to the world at large: "We don't tell people mummy's age;" "We don't say that granny had to go to a nursing home;" or, simply, "We don't talk about that!" So Victorian parents who equate wholesomeness in sex with simple lack of activity rear their children to taboos about bodily functions and natural urges.

The child also absorbs his parents' explicit training about expressing himself. A boy will be taught that it's not manly to complain. A girl will be taught that her traditional role is to listen sympathetically.

By adolescence most children start to find outlets for the confidences they feel they can't bring their parents. For the urge to be worthy of approval wars with the wistful need to be accepted, sins, problems, fears and all, just as they are.

They test their friends with ever-narrowing generalizations for signs of shock or ridicule or apathy. They blurt out the contraband thought: their mother has a martyr-complex, they've decided, or she has this mean habit of sitting tight-lipped and prickly at dinner without ever saying what they've done wrong. Then . . . the cathartic realization that such disloyalty is not just permissible but epidemic in the whole group. Here, they feel, they can abandon pretense.

But even as his friends help emancipate him the friends themselves turn into tyrants. The intelligent girl must never talk about her marks or she won't be popular. The boy must not admit he likes the French teacher whom everyone else considers a drip. The taboos differ with education, income level, race background, religion, locale, but by the time they reach their twenties most people know what others expect from them.

They present it economically and efficiently, trying to volunteer nothing that would intrude on, say, the boss's concept

of a secretary, the PTA's picture of a charming matron, the golf-club version of the rugged male. For example, in *The Organization Man*, William Whyte reports on a community of wives in the new suburbia who simply didn't want to hear about any too-rarefied tastes in literature or music. Rather than be thought a snob, the egghead in the group quickly learned to censor her thoughts and feelings on these subjects when she was with them.

On the other hand, the wives permitted, even required, certain other kinds of self-disclosure. One young wife told Whyte, "A young girl who would get to brooding if she was in an apartment all by herself on the outside can talk things over with us." Another said, "You find yourself discussing all your personal problems with your neighbors—things that back in South Dakota we would have kept to ourselves."

But for the most part people find that talk of their personal problems is unwelcome particularly outside the home. "Don't tell me your troubles," is perhaps society's most devastating sanction.

How anger releases secrets

Tangled in the cat's cradle of acquired reticences and imposed bans, most people keep looking for someone to emancipate them from the group, just as the group once emancipated them from childhood. They look for someone with whom they can just be themselves.

Ideally this is the person they marry, but that's not always quite the way it is. Even in well-adjusted marriages, says sociologist Erving Goffman, "We expect that each partner may keep from the other secrets having to do with financial matters, past experiences, current flirtations, indulgences in 'bad' or expensive habits, personal aspirations and worries, actions of children, true opinions held about relatives or mutual friends, etc."

Ill-adjusted marriages not only foil the basic needs for self-expression but themselves create problems and emotions that cry for outlet. Sometimes the partners can tell each other the truth about these only in moments of anger so convulsive that it sweeps away inhibition. Sometimes not even then can they communicate. An American lawyer's wife once visited the London office of *Cosmopolitan* magazine with an astonishing proposition. She explained that she wanted to leave her husband but couldn't screw up enough courage to tell him. So she made her suggestion: "I have been reading some of these confession articles in *Cosmopolitan* and I would like to write an article which you would buy and publish. And then I can put a copy of the magazine on my husband's desk and then I'd have to leave."

She at least had a decision to com-

municate, but more often the situation is deadlocked in hate, misery and recrimination. In a recent letter to Ann Landers, a personal-problem columnist, a distraught and pregnant woman who signed herself "ZYX" confided that her husband had announced he was going to give the baby away because he couldn't afford it. "I'm so ashamed that I must get help from someone who doesn't know us," the letter began.

For it's when all appropriate confidantes seem to threaten the punishment of anger, distaste or refusal that people turn to strangers—to the hired listeners like hairdressers, barkeepers or cabbies, the professional confidantes like poll takers, or reporters or ghost writers, or to the motherly Mary Worth figures who offer their interest and their ear.

They're neutrals, so they are non-threatening; and one way or another, even if it's only because you're paying them, they're guaranteed to hold still long enough to listen. Otherwise they fall pitifully short of the social scientist's definition of the ideal confidante. As Jourard, the pioneer in self-disclosure research, puts it, "Actively accepting, empathic, loving, non-punitive responses—in short, love—provide the optimum conditions under which man will disclose, or expose, his naked, quivering self to our gaze." Psychiatry's substitute is, of course, the psychoanalyst.

Does telling strangers—even psychoanalysts—do any good?

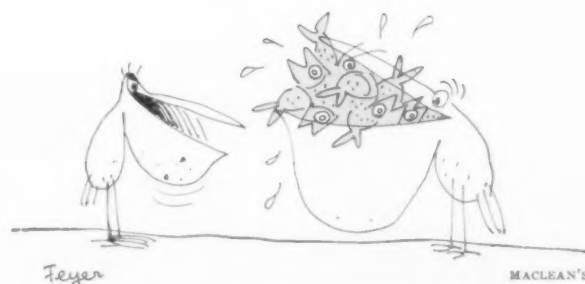
It depends.

What it depends on, oddly enough, is how hard it is to tell. The man who buttonholes the barkeep, his best friend, his golf partner, his sympathetic secretary and a whole series of neighbors to say his wife doesn't understand him is doing nothing for himself—and boring his fellows into the bargain.

For an interesting phenomenon is emerging: as a new generation grows up, schooled in easy self-expression and the commonplaces of Freudian thought, psychoanalysis is beginning to take longer. David Riesman, the U. S. sociologist who wrote *The Lonely Crowd*, notes that when talk along these lines comes cheap, analysis is often "interminable."

It seems that only when telling is a shock—an emotional drama in itself—does it do what is therapeutic: make us be ourselves and take a look at what this is. The man who, in agony, blurts out his nightmare fear of being a coward in battle is stumbling on a part of himself and facing it for the first time. The woman who, in love, confesses she is ashamed of her body has abandoned glibness and pretense so that with help she can begin to change herself.

For true mental health lies not in words but in self-understanding, and in growth. It's just that sometimes the words help. ★



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Gisele MacKenzie tells her story continued from page 14

"I would never play the Canadian National Exhibition grandstand show — not at any price"

the end of his instructions I'd say: "Oh, you mean like this?" — and rip off a wild cadenza, hand him back his fiddle and walk off, leaving him with that wonderful egg-on-the-face look. It always got a big laugh. After that show we went to Dallas

and by then had worked out an actual duet.

There's no doubt that without the violin my career might not have been nearly so successful. There's no questioning the fact that Jack was tremendously im-

pressed by my ability to play the instrument well, in addition to playing piano, singing and handling comedy material. I know this is what made him go out of his way to promote me for the Hit Parade TV show, which, in four seasons, made

me a showbusiness "personality." Bob and I knew I was being considered for the program and Jack had found out because he had the same cigarette sponsor. One night he said to us:

"You know, I might be able to do something pretty good for you. If I put Gisele on my last show of the season, which is just about hiring time for the Hit Parade, and let them see all the things she can do, it just might help her get a contract."

It was wonderful of him because he could easily have hired a big name. But instead he put me, a nobody, in a veritable showcase, just as a favor. I sang, did a duet with Bob Crosby, had some lines with Jack, played piano, sang, played the fiddle—everything. Two days later I was hired for the Hit Parade.

As a result of this close association with Jack I've often been asked if he has a financial interest in my career. The answer is no. In a sense, this might have been true last year because it was Jack's television company that produced the Gisele MacKenzie Show. But, unhappily, the show wasn't renewed and that ended whatever financial tie-up we had.

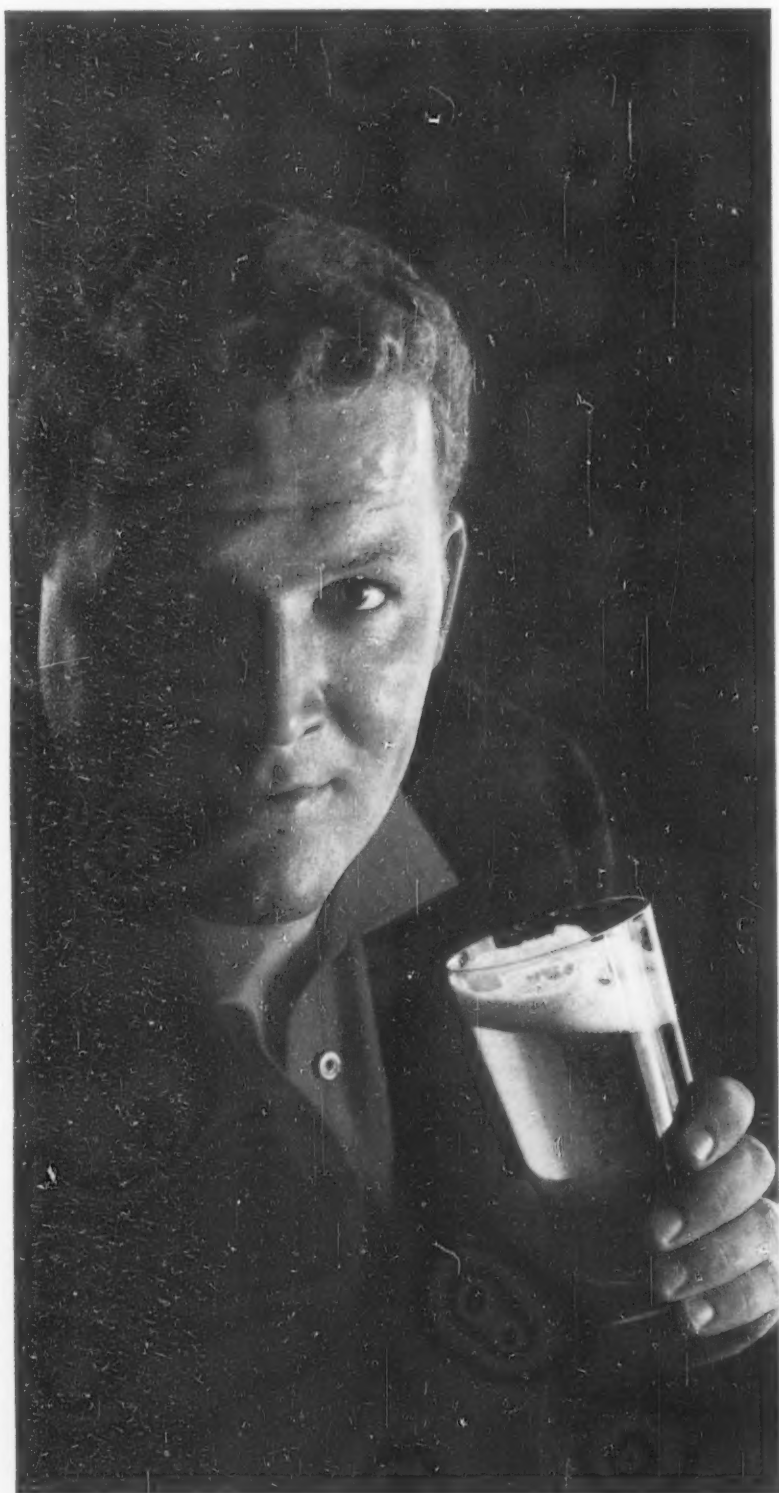
Jack is wonderful to work with. On the job he's sort of busy and inwardly nervous, thinking all the time, but always pleasant. He'll accept the advice of his director, but in the final analysis he's his own boss. He likes the same group around him, likes familiar things. Some of his writers have been with him for years — Sam Perrin, for instance, for twenty-five. Things are always easy on Jack's show — no tension, everyone relaxed. And he doesn't rehearse you too much.

The last show I did with him was a supper-club engagement in the Fontainebleau in Miami last February and I haven't seen him very often since then. He wanted me to appear with him last summer in the open-air Greek Theatre in Los Angeles but I didn't want to do it because it's too big a place, and a singer, particularly, would be lost. This is why I'd never play the Canadian National Exhibition. Not at any price.

I'm sure many people thought when I lost my own TV show in the spring of 1958, that my career was on the rocks. For a while I thought so, too. But for just a little while, since I'm a fatalist. I was disappointed but the reversal didn't break me up completely. I would have liked the show to go back on, naturally, and the public certainly liked it. We got thousands of letters when it was cancelled. Screammers, many of them. "I'll never buy those products again" sort of thing. But the ratings weren't what the sponsors wanted.

I honestly think a lot of this was because of the time slot. I was following two hours of singing. Perry Como was on for sixty minutes and after him, for thirty, came Dean Martin's Club Oasis, followed by Polly Bergen's half hour. Then me. Also, the writing was a bit erratic while they fished around to find the right format. It took a long time. People have to know you to write for you. But as time goes by I feel less hurt about it because I know we did some good shows.

What rankled more than anything, actually, was the unfair way in which the story of the cancellation was handled. The program had gotten into a real mess near the end because Charlie Isaacs, our



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producer and chief writer, agitated about what he thought was sponsor interference. He sounded off against everybody—the NBC network, my agency, (Music Corporation of America), and the advertising agency. Even the New York Times reported his big tirade. But instead of just getting mad at Charlie, everybody concerned got mad at the whole show. As a result we were double-crossed on the way the announcement was made. The understanding had been that we would break the news; that I was retiring from the show in order to do *The King and I* in San Francisco and Los Angeles. We were assured that this is the way it would be.

But my signature on the release papers was hardly dry before the newspapers had a story that I'd been fired. It was put in just about the worst way it could have been put. A big deal was made of it in *TV Guide*, with pictures, the works. Everybody knew the show was going off the air but it didn't have to look as it was made to look. I felt a little bit as if the world had fallen in at that point, but I kept telling myself, You can't stop what's going to happen.

On the plus side, I had all the experience the show had given me. It was a full-scale commercial enterprise. We had taken over a building in Hollywood, across the street from the Paramount lot, and had something going in every corner of it. Bob and I had executive offices, the writers and agency men had their own offices, there were rehearsal studios, dressing rooms, everything.

"I still get the 'voms'"

I loved every minute of it. I gained a lot of confidence and experience working with people on the show, being a hostess and taking the whole responsibility for the program once it was on the air. And so today, if anyone came to me and said they'd like me to do a spectacular I wouldn't flinch. I'd say, sure, just so long as I can pick certain people and have the right staff around me. I'd tell them I'd want to do the show in Hollywood, that I'd want Ray Charles to write some material for me, that I'd want Jack Regas as choreographer, and so on. I wouldn't be scared to death and panic, as I might have done before.

Actually I'm implying a lot of confidence I really don't possess. In spite of the many things I've done since leaving Canada in 1951, I still verge on the "voms" before every performance. My stomach acts up particularly when I'm doing a supper-club engagement. I accept only certain club dates and for special reasons. I'll play the Flamingo in Las Vegas for the money, as much as fifteen thousand dollars a week. But I'll play New York only for the prestige and for what the engagement might mean to my career. This was the only reason we agreed to open the 1959 fall season in the Empire Room of the Waldorf. I could have earned three times the money in Las Vegas, but the Empire Room is a real showcase. And I'm glad I accepted the month because the reviews were good and the room did good business. But every night before I went on, as I took that last gulp of water in the wings, I felt like running the other way, escaping.

Ordinarily, though, I love working to live audiences. When I played *The King and I*, in San Francisco and Los Angeles two summers ago, for example, I could hardly wait to go on. But nightclub audiences are very different. The drunks, for example, I don't particularly enjoy, or the people who are very blasé and have that

go-ahead-and-entertain-me attitude. No matter how much it galls me, though, I'll do it if I think it's worthwhile. It amounts to self-discipline, which is one thing, above all others, I've learned since childhood.

About my childhood. There's something I want to clear up once and for all: I was *not* born in St. Boniface, Man. People have always presumed this—I suppose because I'm French Canadian. But the certified fact is that I was born across the river in Winnipeg, on William Avenue, in an apartment house. My

father, who delivered the whole family, said I was a very "alive baby." My eyes, apparently, were open right from the start. I was the second eldest, next to my sister, Hugette. Another sister, Jeanine, came after me, then my two brothers, Georges and Jacques.

We moved into a house farther along William when I was still an infant and when I was seven we moved again, this time into a house on Bannantyne, still near the general hospital, the area where my father had his practice. Not long ago, our property was expropriated to make

room for a new hospital wing, and Mother and Dad, house and all, were moved to a new location, on Sherbrooke.

It's a very humble little house in a humble district. If they could afford it, my parents would have a nicer home, and I feel guilty about my wonderful new place in Encino, Calif. But my father is a proud man and I'd never suggest they move anywhere else. I've read stories in which he's been described as "a well-to-do Winnipeg doctor." Which is not true, of course. We never wanted for anything at home, but my father has never had any

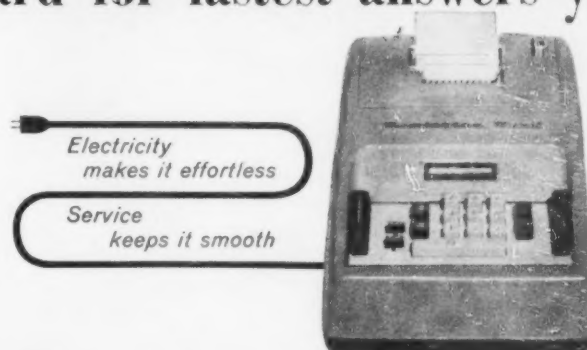


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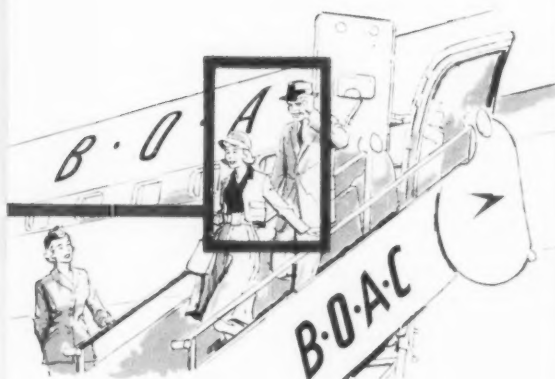
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pretensions to be anything more than he has always been at heart, a good general practitioner who has always handled his practice like an old-fashioned, down-to-earth country doctor. He's not well now. He has circulatory trouble in his legs and has had to cut down his practice. As a result he maintains his office at home. It doesn't crowd things, however, because Jacques, who is attending university in St. Boniface, is the only one left. Hugette has been married for twelve years, Jeannine got married a couple of years ago and Georges just recently.

Ours has always been a fun-loving family. There's always music in our home. Mother plays piano quite well and Dad scratches away at the violin about as proficiently as Jack Benny. Both Hugette and Jeannine play piano. Jeannine has played and sung, as I did, on the CBC. Georges, who, like me, was born with perfect pitch, plays cello and piano and sings very well and Jacques plays the flute quite beautifully. But, aside from me, Georges is the only one using his talent at the moment. In the daytime he works as an announcer on the French-language radio station in Winnipeg and at night does some singing on radio and TV in both languages.

Mother was the disciplinarian in our house. We called her "the sergeant-major." In a way, I can't blame her too much because my dad, being a doctor, was busy day and night. And so it fell to Mother to be the tough one. Dad always wanted at least one of his children to play the violin well but it was Mother who decided it would be me. I wanted to take piano and singing lessons, and it's ironic, now, that although I've never had any formal training in either, this is how I've always made my living.

I was only seven when it started, all the studying, practicing and slogging. And mother always patrolled my practicing, no matter how many things she had to do around the house. She didn't miss a thing. I remember one day I decided I'd had enough practicing and picked out a simple little exercise I could repeat over and over while reading a book. And so I sawed away, stopping only long enough to turn a page. But Mother soon detected something wrong and caught me. From then on it was Gestapo. She'd frisk me from head to toe before each practice session, making sure I didn't have any literature stashed away.

A friend of my mother's, Yvette Sala, was my first teacher. She taught me the basic preliminary stuff. After a while I was sent to Taras Hubicki, as I've already mentioned, and progressed with him to the point where I began doing concerts. Next, when I was going on thirteen, Mother sent me to Flora Matheson Goulden, who now lives in Ottawa, and I made great progress with her. She was a natural teacher, a great one. Not only that — she was a wonderful woman. She gave me an awful lot of understanding which I needed badly at that time because I wasn't having much fun. By nature, I love to have a ball. I'd play all day and never do a lick of work if I didn't have to. But as a child I never had the time to play with other kids. Hugette, Jeannine and the boys never had to go through what I did. Musically, I was the chosen one. The fact that I'd been born with perfect pitch had something to do with it. I suppose, although it's a gift anybody can get along perfectly well without. It doesn't automatically make you a good musician, as many people seem to think. Then, too, I did show signs of having a talent. And so my life became a dedicated one, whether I wanted it that way or not.

In spite of everything, I still recall my

childhood as being essentially a happy one. Ours was a typical French-Canadian family life; very close, quite strict yet with a great deal of affection and love, one for the other, and all the children were treated in the same way. Almost, I should say, because it's never been any secret that my father has always been a little more partial to me. He'd deny it when mother and the others would kid him about it but I've often heard them say, "Why don't you admit, Dad? Whenever Gisele comes into the room she's all you see."

Having had all this security, having been sheltered for as long as I could remember, I just couldn't understand it when my parents decided to send me to Toronto to study at the conservatory. I was only fourteen. Until then, I'd never been away from home even for a weekend. Just thinking about what was ahead scared the daylight out of me. I became hysterical, finally, when we were about ready for my mother to take me on the train to Toronto. I screamed and kicked and carried on. I didn't want to play the violin. I didn't want to be away from home. I didn't want any part of it. My parents didn't seem to realize you can't suddenly uproot a child from a milieu of love and affection and abruptly drop her into a strange city, hundreds of miles away. But my mother said: "You're going and that's it!" And that was it.

When I look back on it now, of course, I realize it was the best thing that could have happened to me. But at the time it was a shattering experience. To this day I remember mother leaving me at Rosary Hall, a residence for Catholic girls, on midtown Bloor Street near Jarvis, where I was to board for the next five years. I was so miserable, lost and scared I thought of committing suicide.

I cried almost continually for two weeks and didn't unpack my trunks for two months. The city looked so strange. I kept getting lost. I had to walk all the time, to and from the conservatory, which was a good mile and a half from Rosary Hall, and I made the trip four times a day. They had a cafeteria at the conservatory but I couldn't afford to eat lunch there. I had to return to Rosary Hall and go back for afternoon classes.

I often had to walk the route at night — and this is the bit that bothers me now — a young kid, fourteen and fifteen, walking alone along those dark streets. I had to walk because I didn't have the money to take streetcars. My parents weren't depriving me deliberately, it was just that they could afford to give me only the barest allowance.

One of the things I remember most about that period was being hungry most of the time, particularly after I first arrived. What they gave us to eat didn't match what I'd been used to at home. And I couldn't supplement my diet from my allowance because it just wasn't sufficient. I remember, once watching one of the girls eating an orange and asking her for the peelings. When she asked why, I was ashamed. I told her I just like to crush and keep them because they smelled so nice and would perfume my room. I put the peelings in an envelope and at night, in the dark, I ate them, hungrily. Now, whenever I'm with a group of actors who start reminiscing about how tough things once were, I know what they're talking about.

"I'm in a coffin!"

It may have been largely a circumstantial thing but I thought Rosary Hall was about as depressing a place as I could have been in. I remember waking up the first morning in the room I shared with another girl and looking up at the ceiling, painted a horrible sort of yellow, cream color, with the whole edge framed in black. And I thought: "Dear God, I'm in a coffin!" I hated the place. As the youngest girl there I was ignored by most of the others. Fortunately, living there were a few student teachers, who were about eighteen — terribly old in my estimation — and a couple of them took me under their wing. They still made fun of me, of course, and treated me like a real kid, but they kept me straight, screening everything I did.

I didn't go out with a boy for a year, until I was fifteen. I'd never dated in Winnipeg, because neither my mother or father would permit it. My mother was determined I would remain single, which,

now, is pretty funny, because a couple of years ago she was dying for me to get married. Even had the man all picked out. Pretty nice fellow, too, but you just don't arrange things that way. But when I was fifteen, it was a different matter. And I grew up a little, then, for the first time. I said to myself: "Here I am, fifteen years old, away from home, making all my decisions — right or wrong, I'm making them — and I'm not having any fun. This is it. Not only am I going to wear lipstick, I'm going to go out with boys! So there!"

When I wrote home to this effect, my mother was terrified. And this to me illustrates a characteristic of French-Canadian families: parents want to maintain a grip on their children all their lives. I can remember my father telling how my grandfather once hit one of my uncles across the face, simply because he didn't agree with him — and my uncle was thirty-five at the time.

It's a real old French-Canadian thing, wanting to control the children, even from miles away. And so you have to break these chains. As they've gotten older, Mother and Dad have changed but at the time they were so French, that when they finally accepted the fact that I'd go out with boys whether they wanted me to or not, they forbade me to go out with anyone but French Canadians. Frankly, the only French boys I met were not much. I started going out with a really nice boy, who was an Irish Catholic. Now that was pretty good, I thought. But mother, all the way from Winnipeg, forbade me. I wrote her in protest.

"He's a Catholic," I said. "That should please you. He's Irish, and that isn't bad. I chum around with some Irish girls at school and love them." But she wrote back and said again that I wasn't to go out with him. I wept for a couple of days but I kept going out with him. I grew up a little more at this point. But this sort of thing made life very difficult. The young man was anxious to meet my parents and I couldn't let him. Eventually, and because of this, the romance ended. And I was crazy about him.

I'm sure that a certain amount of this parental discipline influenced me, ultimately, to do what I'm doing today; it forced me into it out of rebellion. There were just too many demands made on me. Not only was I studying music all day; I had to finish high school at night. I first attended Jarvis Collegiate and then switched to Harbord. I also had to take English lessons when I first arrived in Toronto because, although at Sacred Heart School in Winnipeg we were taught bilingually, French predominated. Furthermore there was no English spoken in our home. To this day, we must speak French, except when we have English-speaking visitors.

Eventually I was accepted by the other girls at Rosary Hall, but not for my violin. It was the custom, after dinner, for everyone to gather either in the Gold Room or Red Room, both of them singularly uninviting. (To this day, whenever I see a certain shade of red I can't help shuddering because it reminds me of that Red Room). One night, I sat at the piano and started to play and sing. The reaction was amazing. Suddenly everyone came to life. Before long I was the most popular gal in the place simply because I could play piano and sing.

I also became friendly with a boy named Gerhard Kander, who was the top violinist in my class. We had a lot in common, naturally, and I admired and respected him so much because he was so much better an artist than I knew I'd ever be. He was twenty, a glamorous refugee from Europe about whom



The violin — which she still hates — was nevertheless Gisele's key to stardom. Her now-famous "music lesson" routine with Jack Benny helped her win a big contract.



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everybody was talking. His parents had died in a concentration camp and he'd been in a camp himself. All the girls thought he was pretty wonderful. I was, shall we say, generously endowed by nature but I wasn't attractive. His attention did a lot for my self-confidence because out of all the girls in the class he chose to go out with me. We attended concerts, went to movies and just generally had fun, without any serious romance. His attention did a lot for my morale.

And I needed all the bolstering anyone could give me. While the atmosphere at the conservatory was pleasant enough, the work was hard and the discipline terrific. I was practicing about four hours a day, mostly at home, and at school I had a great deal of book work — such things as harmony, counterpoint and history of music. I was also doing a great deal of quartet and symphony work, all of which required a lot of practice. And in place of mother as the sergeant-major I now had Kathleen Parlow, a wonderful teacher but a real toughie. I'll never forget her, with the little hair bun at the back and her spectacles down on the nose. She scared the living daylights out of me by just looking at me. All the same, I was one of her favorite pupils,

musically, and she liked me personally.

At one point she tried to help me earn some extra money, "doing what you do best, dear," and arranged for me to take over a violin class in Pickering on Saturday mornings. A music teacher had died and his class of twelve was up for grabs, at \$1.50 a lesson. And so I started getting up at the crack of dawn on Saturdays, catching the 7 a.m. bus for Pickering and teaching all day in the former teacher's living room which his widow allowed me to use. It wasn't long before I realized I wasn't cut out to be a teacher. I love kids and have endless patience with them as a performer. But you need a special kind of patience to be a teacher and I found out then that I didn't have it. Most of the kids in the class had no inclination to learn. After six months I asked Miss Parlow to give the job to somebody else.

One person who helped me a lot at the conservatory was Godfrey Ridout, my harmony teacher. He was a wonderful young man, kind and full of sympathy. I can remember going in for a harmony or counterpoint lesson and being so lonely and scared of Miss Parlow that I'd dissolve into tears. When this happened, Godfrey would say, "Let's forget about harmony today. I think it's more impor-

tant right now that we talk. You won't learn much in your present state of mind." And so we'd sit and talk. He was making up for what Miss Parlow was doing to me with her harsh discipline. I'd be an ingrate if I didn't appreciate all that she tried to do for me but at the same time I think she made me hate the violin, made me finally give it up. In which case, I suppose I have all the more to thank her for.

Also working on me at the time, subconsciously, was the growing pleasure I got out of playing piano and singing. It was wartime and I was able to compare the two, in terms of self-gratification as a performer, because I was going out with entertainment groups to military camps. One week I'd be with a symphony troupe, the next with a variety show. It was then I began to realize that as a violinist, I was mechanical. Nothing came from within. Sitting at a piano and singing for those service audiences, however, was something else. This was the *real* me performing. Down deep I knew this. But how could I ever say it to my parents who'd sacrificed so much? ★

This is the first part of Gisele MacKenzie's story. Part II will appear in the next issue.



For the sake of argument continued from page 8

"To woo mass readership, newspapers have become colorless"

in reluctant mood, to enter upon a third.

The first stage lasted until about the turn of the century. A hundred years ago Canadian newspapers were bitterly and wholeheartedly partisan to a degree that a modern reader can hardly imagine. Each paper reported all its political news solely from the point of view of the party to which it adhered. Political opponents were denounced, slandered, deluged with vituperation. Politics was the arena where the forces of good and evil fought a great struggle, and the editor, along with his readers, was vitally committed to one side in this struggle.

This made political reporting colorful and exciting. News from Parliament Hill was far more completely covered then than today. Column after column of nearly verbatim reports of parliamentary speeches gave the reader the material from which to form his own judgment.

By the end of the nineteenth century this situation began to change. The individual editor who did most to bring about the change — at least in English-speaking Canada — was, as far as I can make out, John S. Willison of the *Toronto Globe*. Willison became exasperated over the demands of Grit politicians that the *Globe* must adjust all its news and editorial columns to their party needs. He insisted on impartial reports of what went on in the political world. Long before the end of his career he had reached the conclusion that Liberal politicians differed from Conservatives only in their "voluble virtue." I still remember the shock that I received as an undergraduate student (about 1910) hearing him expound to a student club as a self-evident proposition his view that the only difference between Canadian Liberals and Canadian Conservatives was that between ins and outs.

This new nonpartisan objectivity of the great urban dailies was made easier, of course, by the growth of their financial independence. Their revenue came to be derived more and more from commercial

advertising, and they depended less on government printing contracts and other political subsidies to keep solvent.

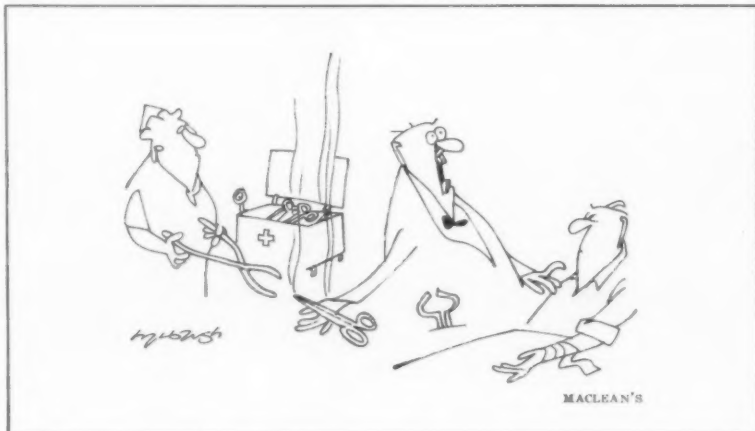
This new independence of the press made for much more impartial reporting from Ottawa. And this was a great advance. But it went along with some other developments which have not had such happy effects upon the quality of the political reporting in our papers.

As publishing expenses have grown, the individual newspaper has had to seek mass circulation and, in doing so, to appeal more and more not merely to readers of its own political persuasion but to all classes and groups in its regional community. It must have something every day to attract every group, and it must avoid offending any group. And so its political reporting becomes more colorless and less probing. The more that modern invention extends the means of communication, the less the political side of the newspaper communicates. For politics have to compete with an ever greater variety of new interests — sports, women's activities, stockmarket news, births, marriages and deaths, the comics, TV and other enter-

tainment news, the doings of the high-school crowd, the advertising from department stores, chain stores and the supermarkets, not to mention murder and sex. The mass-circulation journal becomes a daily entertainment medium; and it is hard to make politics, merely as entertainment, as fascinating as many of these other items, except when the politicians contrive to produce something spectacular like the pipeline crisis of 1956.

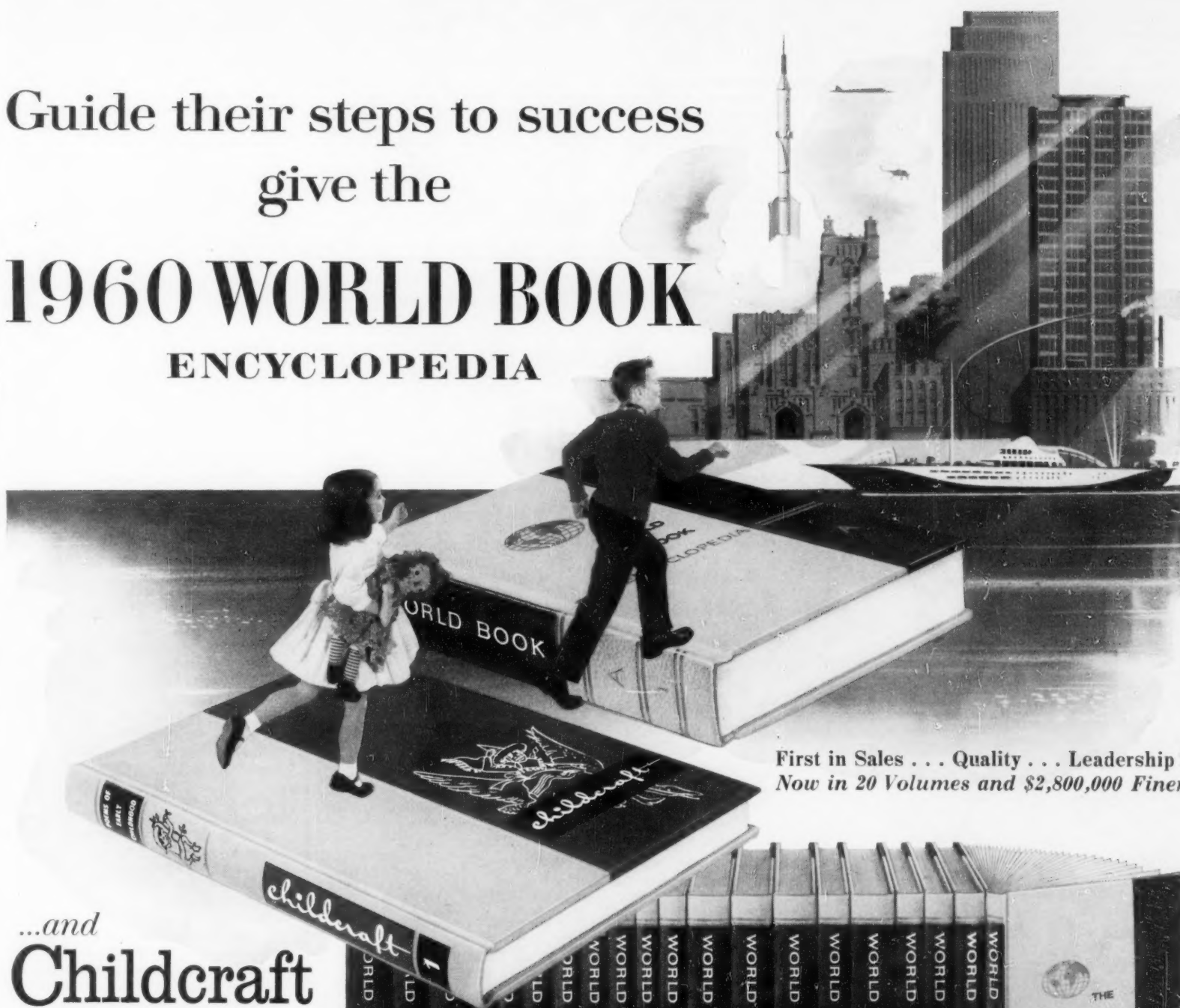
The trouble now is that our political reporters are writing for an audience that is only half interested — and half interested only now and then. Yet democracy will not work unless, somehow or other the great issues that determine the fate of the individual citizen can be made interesting and significant to him and can be presented to him in a way that enables him to make up his mind about them — issues such as inflation, tight money, the cold war, thermonuclear power.

Our Press Gallery needs to achieve a great breakthrough from the second stage of its evolution in which it has been living for the last fifty years, and to advance to a third stage in which politics,



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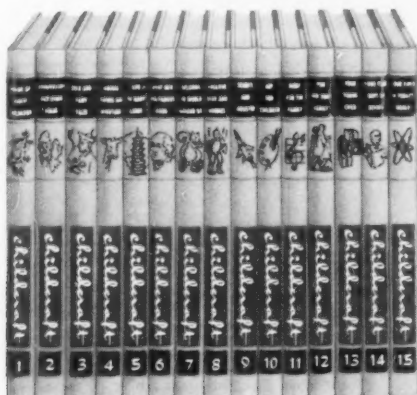
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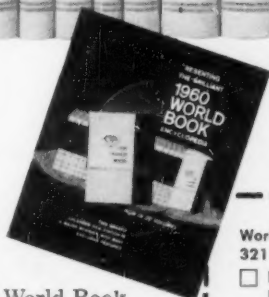


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at least in the good newspapers, will be restored to their proper leading position. This requires reporters who have much more of the student in their intellectual make-up than have most of the members of the present Press Gallery, and who are ambitious to do something better than grinding out daily gossip columns. It also requires publishers and editors who will be adventurous enough to try political reporting on the standards of the better British and American journals, and who will set out to build up a constituency of readers who demand such reporting.

There are certain special conditions in Canada which make it difficult for the Ottawa press-gallery man to reach the level of a Lippmann or a Reston. The Ottawa reporter cannot probe so easily as his Washington confrere can, into the story behind the handouts from the public-relations officers in government, because our British cabinet system of government makes for a much tighter discipline among party politicians and civil servants than exists in Washington. Down there an unending struggle goes on between executive and legislature. Every

senator and congressman is fighting for his own hand and is seeking personal publicity. Every faction in every government office has its own channel of public relations which it uses to get its special point of view through to the press.

In Canada our politicians follow the party line laid down by their leaders, and our civil servants are accustomed to limit themselves, when they are pressing for some policy, to efforts to make their minister believe that he thought of the idea himself.

But the British cabinet system does not

prevent British reporters in London from doing a good job both on the personalities of the politicians and on the issues over which they are fighting. No one who has read *The Times*, the *Manchester Guardian*, the *Economist*, the *New Statesman*, the *Spectator*, the *Observer* or the *Sunday Times* would complain that the British voter does not have available really enlightening guidance from his press about the issues of the day. Why can't our Ottawa journalists do as good a job?

Ottawa itself has a deadening effect on all who live in it. It has never quite grown up to be a national capital. But the great influence that lowers the quality of our Ottawa journalism is that of the Canadian community itself.

In Britain there are two classes of national newspapers, each with a national circulation and each appealing to a different type of reader. There are the popular mass-circulation dailies like the *Daily Mirror* and the weekly *News of the World*. They go in for sensationalism, frankly despise politics and shamelessly distort the issues. On the other hand there are high-class journals, daily and weekly, to which I have already referred.

The latter can concentrate on first-class political news and comment because they are writing for readers who are accustomed to getting nothing less. In the United States there are no national dailies, because of the size of the country; but there are a few papers, like the *New York Times*, that are published for the more exacting reader.

In Canada, our daily newspapers are all just regional organs. They have to compete as entertainment agencies with television and the movies, and they must make a large part of their appeal to all the nonpolitically minded among their readers. Presumably our Ottawa correspondents write the kind of stuff which their editors require, which is the kind of stuff that the editors think this local public wants. For as the hard-boiled newspaperman will tell you, the daily paper has to keep more closely in touch with its public than does even the politician: the publisher has to be re-elected by his readers every day.

But surely there must be a minority who want something better. Surely an adventurous editor would discover, if he let his more lively press-gallery men run free, that a good writer makes his own audience.

I started by complaining that our Ottawa Press Gallery is only too typically Canadian. But this isn't quite the right way to put it. The Press Gallery belongs to pre-war Canada, to the Canada of before 1914. It hasn't been growing intellectually as so much of the rest of Canada has. Its members are shocked when you tell them that they ought to aim at journalism that can match the best examples in Britain and the United States. They immediately take refuge in the old colonial apologetics: Canada is a young country; we mustn't expect too much of ourselves. Our Canadian novelists and poets, painters and musicians, scholars and scientists, physicians and engineers no longer resign themselves to this kind of comfort. They have grown beyond it. Why shouldn't our journalists also grow beyond it?

Why shouldn't some Canadian newspaper be trying to report the Canadian scene with the liveliness, the breadth of imagination, the depth of insight and literary style of, say, the *Manchester Guardian*?

There is ultimately only one reason. Our Canadian political journalists are too lazy or too timid to aim at the highest standards. ★

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London Letter continued from page 10

"There is nothing to get upset about," said Gaitskell. But the papers made the most of it

want a house to themselves of the most modern design and he built no fewer than eighteen chalets, complete with every modern device. For example, the bath complete with shower was set below the floor surface which meant that one descended to the bath rather than straddling it. There was a splendid hall where all could gather if the millionaires wanted to mix in friendly companionship. As for the cost, there is a lump sum for the season—and, believe me, it is some lump.

But now comes the unfortunate incident which hit the headlines. Weston was not in residence at the time or undoubtedly it would never have happened. Fortunately, my wife and I had left the millionaires' paradise by then and knew nothing of it at the time.

For some reason, Hugh Gaitskell, the leader of Her Majesty's opposition at Westminster, had been visiting Kingston, the capital of Jamaica, and decided to pay an unofficial visit to the Westons' paradise cove. Whether as a socialist he wanted to make a study of rich men on holiday or whether he just wished to see nature in its Caribbean glory is not clear. At any rate, he turned up and because the cove was not yet officially open for business he was courteously but firmly turned away.

It would have passed off quietly if it had not been that a Tory MP and his wife had been received with complete courtesy and had actually spent the night there. The fact that Garfield Weston and I have been lifelong friends was not mentioned. It was enough for the newspaper chaps that a Tory backbencher had been received with all cordiality whereas the leader of the opposition had been turned away at the gates.

However, it would not be proper to end this comedy of errors without allowing Gaitskell to tell the story in his own words. By the time he had returned to the governor's residence, the local newspaper sleuths were on the j.b. Here is his tale as given on the spot to the reporters at Kingston:

"There is nothing to get upset about. I set out in the car lent to me by the governor. I wanted to have a swim and a picnic lunch on the beach at Frenchman's Cove. When I arrived at the road leading to the beach there was a car in front of me which was turned back by a man who looked like a watchman. And there also appeared to be a barrier on the road. So I turned back also and went for a swim elsewhere."

If it had not been for the coincidence that I had been staying in one of the mil-

lionaires' huts, the story would never have made the newspapers. There ends *l'Affaire Gaitskell*.

And to all of you readers of Maclean's who are millionaires, may I suggest that you are not likely to find a better paradise

in this world than Frenchman's Cove, where the pirates and the rumrunners of ancient times sought peace from the winds and the waves and their normal vagabondage.

So much for the idle rich. A greater

and continuing drama of the islands hammered against my mind and my conscience over and over again during my stay in Jamaica and the Bahamas. Is there an answer to the problem of racial discrimination? Take, for example, the

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to drive, to see;
All goals
that lead to tensions.
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Is paved
with good inventions.

Ted Wood

young dark-skinned owner and driver of the motor car which we engaged for our long journey from Montego Bay to Frenchman's Cove. He was not only dusky, but dark, lithe of figure, and pleasantly intelligent. Halfway in our long journey and in a lonely spot the car engine went on strike. All that my wife and I could have done would be to raise the bonnet and stare at the engine, but fortunately our driver restored the car to health in less than five minutes. If it had been left to his white-skinned passengers the car would still be there.

I am aware that wherever whites and blacks live in the same community there is a problem which instinct cannot avoid — the color problem. It is impossible to avoid the truth that a white woman married to a rich man, strident of voice and pompously proud of her husband's wealth, seems uncouth in comparison with the soft-voiced gently dark servants who wait upon her every wish and command. Thus one wonders if wealth and a white skin justify the claim to racial superiority.

I suppose it is part of the human comedy that women grow proud with

money that they never earned but took from the coffers of their husbands.

Now that we are back in London the memories of Jamaica and the Bahamas will fade under the realism of grey sodden skies. In the House of Commons we shall debate the color problem, not of Jamaica nor Nassau, but of Nyasaland where the black tide refuses to recede.

Once more we shall immerse ourselves in the vast metropolis of London, with its buses hurrying like tumbrels to their destination and all the fascination of the greatest city in the world. Perhaps we

were not meant to live in the sun. Where nature is so beautiful in itself, why should the musician, the philosopher and the artist try to compete?

Not once, but for the hundredth time, I find my spirit lifted by the glory of the parks, the mist on the Thames and the eternal sense of yesterday — not merely the activity of today.

Frenchman's Cove is a lovely spot but I would not exchange it for the Englishman's Thames which has been gurgling its comments on mankind for thousands of years as it wends its way to the sea. ★



We're wrecking our children with too much love continued from page 18

"It's not difficult for anyone to pick out the products of spineless parents in later life"

their rewards. We seem to be convinced that all obstacles to pleasure and contentment must be removed or our offspring will grow up with scars of resentment against parents who did not protect and secure them.

The facts of life often run in the opposite direction: as they grow into the age of discernment, many youngsters begin to recognize that their parents' over-concern has made them too dependent, and they blame over-indulgent parents if they lack self-confidence. When parents give too much, too soon, they unwittingly dull the child's senses by making life so easy that pain, trial and normal deprivation can never be faced realistically. The child who has been given little opportunity to build up his own inner defenses has a hard time drawing on spiritual deposits he never made.

No one is suggesting that parents should inflict unbearable discipline on their children — but neither ought they feel guilty for not straining every muscle to give them only pleasure.

A young delinquent I know — I'll call him Tom — put his finger on a long overlooked problem when he explained his difficulty to a social worker: "My folks were always afraid to hurt my feelings. Everything I wanted, they said I could have — if not right away, then maybe some day. I grew up feeling that I was entitled to happiness and if things didn't go my way, someone else was to blame."

Tom's situation points up the psychic hurt and the moral confusion we can cause our children by seeking to make their lives too easy all the time. Life is no bed of roses, and as parents we have an obligation to prepare our children to absorb the shocks and stresses of living. The parent who teaches his children how to handle disappointment and pain need not apologize. He is doing a better job than the one who thinks he's giving them love by not denying them ease.

In the name of love, we commit another error. We avoid disciplining our children. If we assert ourselves too much, we fear that our youngsters will feel unloved and, therefore, unwanted. But the shoe is probably on the other foot: such parents are themselves too love-conscious and are afraid to lose their child's affections by showing too much control.

John — a good-looking, bright and perceptive seventeen-year-old — told a social worker a tale that more parents need to hear — particularly those who resemble his own. His clergyman had called him in to discuss anti-social patterns in his behavior. In self-defense John explained: "I've been getting away with murder at home. Dad's been so busy succeeding at

his work that I've been exposed only to mother."

Increasingly our children are being raised by their mothers alone. Fathers, busy competing and producing, have subcontracted the child-rearing functions to their wives. But, often, mother-love alone is biologically incapable of the physical fortitude required to hold the parental line against the strenuous desires of children.

Even if mothers earnestly try to become fathers, inevitably their womanly slips show. Frequently they are not getting enough love and attention themselves. They feed on the affection their children give them. "Why," some women ask, "should I deny myself love by whipping my youngsters into line?"

Unfortunately, love without thoughtful, character-molding discipline — like love without shared sacrifice — does not insure good children. Children must be exposed to reasonable and consistent doses of parental control, or else they will find growing up difficult. As we grow older

we need to adjust to the requirements of those around us. Those who have been shown how to do this by their parents can integrate into society. Those who were never put in their place by their parents may remain maladjusted throughout their lives.

"Oh my, isn't he cute!" may be a diplomatic way of describing the nasty little boy who runs roughshod over his friends. But it is not difficult to pick out the products of spineless parents in later life. They still think that they're "cute kids." They have been fashioned into self-centered, self-satisfied monsters by doting parents who were afraid to lose their affection. They needed to be spanked, lovingly; instead they were spoiled, dreadfully. Sparing the rod *does* spoil the child; it also spoils the parent.

The parent who does not require his child to toe the mark is living in a never-never world of unreality. By their nature, growing children are seeking to enlarge the limits of their freedom. But there is abundant clinical evidence to indicate that

many teenagers who demand more liberties are, in fact, frightened by the prospects of complete freedom. They are not quite sure how to handle it; they are not only need but want limitations which serve as directions for the proper use of liberty.

Parents should also realize that there is a tendency to avoid applying proper discipline — even reasonable punishment — for a purely selfish reason: we don't really care what happens to the child so long as he loves us! Of course, our children deserve our love; but they also need, deserve and must expect punishment when they misbehave.

I heard of one fifteen-year-old girl who could come home at any hour she pleased. Her girl friends envied her; they had to be in by midnight. But she was unhappy.

"My folks," she admitted to a school counselor, "seem to think that I will admire them more if they tell me: 'You're old enough to know. You can do as you please!' Actually, I feel as if they don't really care. All my girl friends tell me that their mothers stay up waiting for them if they're late — because they are worried about them. I'd like the idea of my folks worrying about me."

Just as it is needed in the home, firm discipline is needed in the school, and wanted by the children themselves. Ask any mature adult which of his school teachers he best loves and remembers. Invariably those teachers who avoided discipline because they wanted to be loved were soon forgotten. The teachers who were not afraid of being taskmasters wielded a lasting influence on us; often they are unforgettable because they unflinchingly stood for a specific code of conduct, and pointed us toward difficult goals.

On balance, our worship of the love cult can cause us more difficulties than it claims to overcome. We must stop worrying about giving our children all the things we did not have. Instead we should recheck our own childhood to recapture from an older generation some of the things we did have. Then, we may transmit a more realistic, more integrated way of life to children who will know where they are going, because they will have a clear idea of where they came from. We need to stick to our guns, when we believe that we are right, and not fear that people will call us loveless parents. If we fritter away our moral authority as the price we pay for love, we will soon discover how superfluous we really are.

The tragedy, of course, is that our children really need us desperately and want us to be more than their pals. They need and want parents. ★

JASPER

By Simpkins

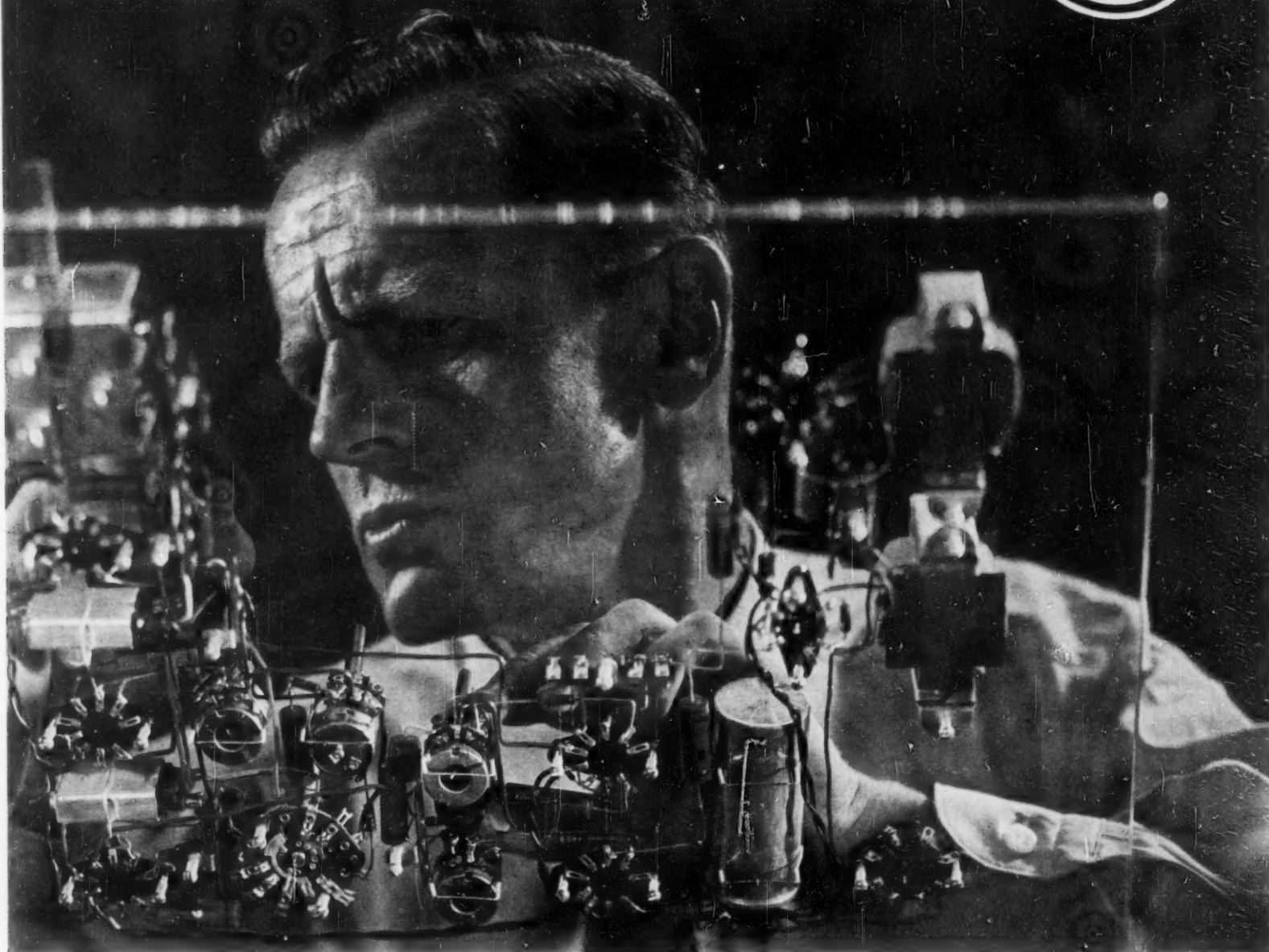


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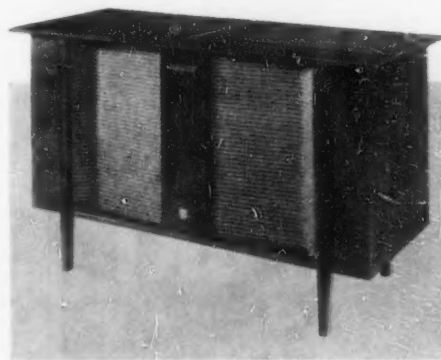
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Can we keep the Japanese on our side? continued from page 16

"Tokyo's daytime traffic makes Toronto look like a backwoods village"

Canada? I found the answers in some queer places, from the conservative prime minister's palace to the dingy haunts of communists, from the assembly lines of glistening factories to dark rabbit warrens where men and women toil by hand.

One answer is simple. Without Japan's airfields, harbors and repair shops, the deterrent atomic power of the United States could not exist for a day on its present line beside the coast of Asia but would be pushed back to the precarious prewar line based on Hawaii. In the judgment of the Americans who would have to attempt to hold it, it would probably soon prove insupportable, logistically, politically and financially.

Of the world's four major industrial complexes the West holds three, in America, Western Europe and Japan. Should Japan join the other side—as it can and finally will if we give it no reasonable alternative—the integration of its gigantic industry with the raw materials of China and Siberia would simply mean that the West had lost the economic struggle for the world.

Canada must learn before it is too late that it is a Pacific as well as an Atlantic nation. And across the Pacific Japan is our only strong ally.

How strong is it? Measured in economic terms it is strong almost beyond our imagining. Its recovery from war has no equal in human record, not even in West Germany.

Japan ended the war with its great cities ruined, forty-five percent of its industry destroyed, its economy paralyzed, its colonies all lost, its people on the edge of starvation, its civilization apparently smashed. Today it is not only the most prosperous nation that Asia has ever known but far more prosperous than it has ever been before. In those fourteen years, Japanese production has risen faster than that of any nation, much faster than America's or Russia's. It should double again in the next decade.

But Japan's supreme achievement—unique in Asia—is the mastery of a population crisis. By organized contraception and scientific abortion, Japan has cut its birth rate in half since 1947, reducing it to one of the lowest figures in the world.

Thus, by one of the largest ironies of human experience, Japan failed to establish its East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere in war but, only a few years after its defeat, has achieved all its economic objectives, and more, in peace.

An annual per capita income of \$270 looks small compared with our \$1,500. By Asiatic standards it is unbelievable and worth at least twice its purchasing power in Canada. Anyone who watches the Japanese family buying the new household gadgets now streaming from the factories, or the hordes of prosperous holidaymakers in every tourist resort can see that for these people, and no others in Asia, the more abundant life has arrived.

Observing Japan, a Canadian is forced to admit that its economic and financial business has been better managed than ours, but how has this miracle been accomplished? What does it mean to Canada?

Tokyo gave me a partial and shattering reply.

In the world's largest metropolis, or

within commuting distance of it, are as many people as in all Canada. Twice destroyed in our time—by earthquake in 1923 and by fire bombs in 1945—Tokyo is actually an amalgam of a dozen cities and business centres, stitched together with miles of splendid streets and narrow alleys.

In its night-time glare Montreal would be unnoticed and its daytime traffic makes Toronto look like a backwoods village. Its pavements are a pedestrian's nightmare, its huge department stores burst with customers, its theatres are larger and more lavish than any in the West, its night clubs nuder, its air noisier with piped music and the ceaseless shout of loudspeakers.

The men who walk its streets appear more active and, I would say, happier than the city men of Canada, the women on average prettier than ours and better dressed, the children more carefully scrubbed and much more obedient.

From Tokyo I drove to the pulsing seaport of Yokohama and the industrial cities of Nagoya, Osaka, Kobe and Kyoto. Always I moved through a jungle of shipyards, factories and black smoke-

SLOW DOWN

Fast company
Can be deceiving
In one respect - - -
It's slow in leaving.

LEONARD K. SCHIFF

stacks joined in an unbroken main street of some five hundred miles. Always at the edge of the street the square rice paddies, swarming with umbrella-hatted peasants. Once I had driven through Germany's rebuilt Ruhr and here I saw its Asiatic counterpart. But this spectacle of industry and agriculture cheek by jowl did not explain Japan's secret.

Its explanation is to be found, first, in the business managers who, according to a diplomat of great experience, are the ablest of our time; second, in the perfection of the mass-production machinery installed since the war; third, in the skill of the Japanese worker's patient fingers and his insatiable appetite for work.

The obvious, competitive impact of these new forces on Canada struck me suddenly in a textile mill where unbleached cotton cloth, untouched by human hand, was racing through rollers and dyeing tanks at the rate of 150 yards a minute and emerging in cloth of beautiful design. As a traveling crane deposited a wooden packing case beside me I read its printed address: Medicine Hat.

Next day I stood in a glistening factory filled with light, fresh air and soft music while a square of plastic started down the assembly line, passed through the skilled hands of girls in gray smocks and reappeared as a complete television set, its photographic image clearer than ours in America. Half a million sets come annually from this single plant.

There is more to it, though, than management, machinery and skill. When the factory ended an eight-hour day the workers gathered in separate groups,

stood at stiff attention and sang their daily hymn of praise to their employer, Konosuke Matsushita, who, with his wife, founded his nation-wide empire in a back room forty years ago, making a few electric light sockets by hand. Now he makes every kind of gadget from bicycles to refrigerators and also has made himself the father-image of twenty thousand men and women on his payroll.

After saluting him, the factory workers went home to the company's modern houses, clubs and swimming pools. They seemed well satisfied with wages of about \$55 a month, plus large fringe benefits, worth at least twice that amount in Canadian purchasing power.

This old hierarchical instinct in the new industries is only one side of an industrial system which can usually out-compete any on earth. The other side is a cottage industry of innumerable little workshops where crude lathes, primitive forges and millions of hands turn out components to be assembled in the big factories.

To gauge the competition of Japan in our domestic and foreign markets we Canadians should understand at once what we are up against. The Japanese revolution has not been accomplished, as we generally suppose and as the Japanese like to pretend, by a system of private enterprise like our own. Certainly there is private enterprise of the most ruthlessly competitive sort in the Japanese market, but it is broadly managed in foreign commerce by the state.

As one of the ablest experts of the civil service explained it to me, "Our wars on the mainland were really an attempt to export our industrial system, to make it a continental economy. Well, we failed and today we have no trade with China because it won't trade with our anti-communist government. So we've reoriented our economy from Asia to the West, lock, stock and barrel. Instead of an island living mainly on mainland trade, an appendage to the continent, we've built a purely maritime nation—the Britain of the Pacific, if you like."

Since roughly a third of Japan's exports are sold in the United States, a third in Asia, outside China, and a third throughout the world, the economic commitment to the West is decisive. The loss of Western markets, or even their serious reduction, would devastate the opulent but brittle structure built since 1945.

These forces are not within Canada's control but Canada can influence them substantially and certainly cannot escape them. Japan is building its long-run plans (how long, patient and shrewd they are!) on a massive trade with Canada, a market capable of indefinite growth as our population grows. Already Japan is selling us goods worth about a hundred million annually and selling more every year. Hence the cry that Japanese imports are throttling some Canadian industries.

But observe the opposite side of the coin. Canada is currently selling goods worth about \$130 million annually to Japan, now our third largest foreign market, and one of the few markets where we earn a net surplus to counter-weight our enormous deficit in the United States.

Many thousands of Canadians are living on the Japanese market, and if cheap Japanese imports disturb some

Canadian industries the consumer's savings can be spent on other Canadian goods. At a time when Canada is desperate for new overseas markets, to retrieve some of its eggs from the single American basket, Japan is our best bet—but only if we buy more of its goods as it buys more of ours.

Contrary to general belief here, Japan is not pressing its goods on the Canadian market nearly as hard as it could. It is actually withholding them by three clear policies.

In the first place, it has changed its prewar practice by refusing to sell abroad any goods of inferior quality.

Next, Japan restrains the volume of its exports to the amount that it estimates its customers can absorb without real damage to their native industries. Terrified of protectionist retaliation, Japan even enforces where necessary a little-known "check price" and forbids exporters to sell below it, though many of them consider it ridiculously high.

"Japan," Prime Minister Nobusuke Kishi told me, "intends to exercise utmost care in her exports to Canada so as not to cause any damage to Canadian industry through a sudden flooding of the Canadian market. I believe that any unwarranted import restrictions on Japanese goods will not serve the best interests of either Japan or Canada, since there is room for a much more expanded and mutually beneficial trade between our two countries."

Shortsighted Japanese trading methods, he added, would only injure Japan and it "intends to guard against such unfair competition."

Kishi's promise was quietly redeemed a year ago when Finance Minister Fleming flew to Tokyo and protested against a sudden flood of Japanese textiles into Canada.

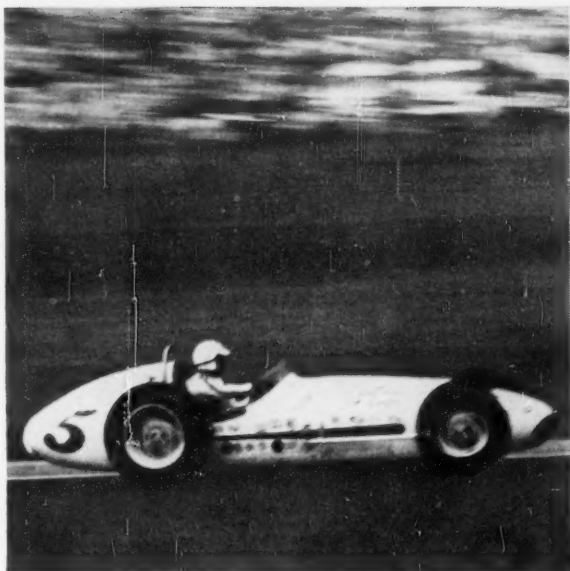
Did the Japanese government reply, as it was entitled to do, that it had observed all the GATT tariff rules? No, it apologized because, for once, some small-time textile mills had found an unnoticed loophole in the export regulations and used the Canadian market to make a fast buck.

Finally, Japan is reorienting its business not only in geographic but physical terms. Now a mature economy, it plans to make more of its complex, durable or semidurable products — big things like ships, machine tools and automobiles or small, difficult things like transistors—and proportionately less of its simple products like the cruder textiles, because it cannot long compete in this field with the new low-wage industries of nations like India. It must act as a big-time operator, concentrating on its specialties, and it hopes the mature Western economies will do the same while giving the newcomers a chance to export their more primitive goods.

To take an amateur's look at our largest single prospect in the Japanese market I spent an afternoon in a huge Yokohama flour mill and there I found our Canadian wheat pouring through a tower of machinery. The mill manager pinched this stream with experienced fingers and assured me that it could be made only from Canadian wheat, "the best there is anywhere."

It is mainly the palate and stomach of the Japanese child that gives Canada its second largest wheat market, worth about sixty million dollars a year so far, and the built-in guarantee of still larger markets not long hence.

Ten million Japanese children receive a free lunch at school every day and every lunch includes a big chunk of bread, from Canadian flour. As this generation takes over the households of



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When holidaying in Britain, and visiting such places as Mont Orgueil Castle in Jersey, we stayed in country inns for around \$3.50 a night, each — bed and breakfast. And our drive-yourself car cost us 11 cents a mile — gas and all!

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COME TO BRITAIN

Japan it will still eat bread and feed bread to its children.

We can and are selling many other things to Japan, including iron ore and scrap, copper, asbestos, aluminum, coal, pulp and whisky, but our new economic partnership does not have to end there. We can, if we wish, attract capital from Japan. Investment plans already under way pose an immediate problem of utmost delicacy in Canadian politics. Turned down in its offer to exploit a remote Yukon mine with Japanese labor, admitted for a fixed period of years, Japan now proposes as a pilot experiment to establish a certain mechanical industry in Canada. The manufacturers feel they must employ a few of their own Japanese executives and a handful of trained technicians, while employing large numbers of Canadian workers.

Will Canada admit even these essential experts? The Canadian government had not made up its mind at this writing. Apart from infrequent cases of compassion, Canadian immigration policy forbids any Japanese at all. This naked discrimination against an ally rankles with the Japanese.

After approaching Japan's relations with Canada by the avenues of military power and peaceful commerce I tried to explore the darker region of politics, now in wild confusion.

The most alarming and least surprising thing about the new Japan is its failure to erect a sound political system on the foundation of its economic and social revolution — alarming because the revolution will never be safe until it is firmly governed, but not surprising because Japan had no real democratic experience until the United States conquered and liberated it. Long before its victory the United States had written a model and perhaps over-perfect constitution for the vanquished. The result was a constitutional monarchy based not on the American but the British system, headed by an emperor no longer a god, buttressed by a cabinet responsible to a legislature of two elective houses and protected by a Bill of Rights more comprehensive than the American original.

Since the war a naturally conservative people have repeatedly elected a right-wing government now calling itself the Liberal-Democratic Party and controlling the Diet by a two-to-one majority. In truth Japan has failed to erect any national party as we know it.

The Liberal-Democrats are a mixed lot, hardly even a coalition, of rival groups and personalities all outwardly hungry for power and inwardly a tame modern version of the old feudalism with its nobles and their faithful samurai. At least half a dozen political chieftains are followed by clans of supporters out of personal loyalty and little concern for policy. Over this instable combination presides the prime minister, the most skilful tightrope walker of the democratic world, the peerless master of survival.

Kishi controls the government not so much because he is prime minister but because he controls the inner hierarchy of the Liberal-Democratic party. His party's socialist opposition has only one elected communist member but is deeply penetrated, on its left wing, by a crypto-communism, a bitter anti-Americanism and an almost humorous naïveté.

Soji Okada, official spokesman of the Socialist Party, is regarded by the conservatives as a dangerous revolutionary but he looks even milder than Kishi. This red-faced, roly-poly, bubbling little man blandly outlined a social revolution of Marxian design achieved by constitution-

al methods, denounced Japan's alliance with the United States and proposed an accommodation with the harmless Chinese government. The Japanese government he described as the corrupt tool of big business, certain to produce a disastrous depression, but he confessed that his own party, newly split, was quite a distance from power.

After my talks with practicing politicians I took tea with Japan's greatest modern figure, Shigeru Yoshida, now in retirement. The gigantic character who had been trained as a diplomat and persecuted by the wartime dictatorship before he collaborated with MacArthur to establish a democratic state, met me in a garden of waterfalls, goldfish and dogs. He was wearing a black kimono, sandals, a bantering air and the inevitable Churchillian cigar, chewed to a damp stub. The square rather Anglo-Saxon face concealed under its genial grin an energy, and sometimes a fury, which organized postwar Japan and finally destroyed Yoshida's political career in a famous fit of temper.

"I am," said the lively octogenarian, seating me beside a polar bear skin, the gift of his friend, Louis St. Laurent, "an optimist." He was happy to be out of politics but the democratic process was safely installed because the Japanese people had seen the old alternative of military rule. Unlike the peoples of Europe, however, they had not seen the new alternative of communism, but they were learning. "Prosperity," he added, "will kill communism."

The great need of Japanese politics, Yoshida affirmed over his lavish tea table, was a responsible opposition and a working two-party system. The fact that such an opposition would be socialist didn't worry the old private enterpriser. Apparently if the opposition were responsible and coherent he would not be alarmed by its ultimate election. The irresponsibility and complete incoherence of the opposition disturbed every thoughtful man I met in Japan. A distinguished political scientist entertaining me to breakfast, said, "The great mistake you foreigners make is to think we can go on the way we are indefinitely, that we've plenty of time to learn the parliamentary system and educate an electorate that expects impossibilities overnight. But we haven't. Within a few years, almost any day, we'll stumble on a real crisis, a full test of our new institutions. We're not ready for it. You can't just impose a

parliamentary system as if you were ordering a new hat. The Americans gave us the hat all right but not the head to fit it."

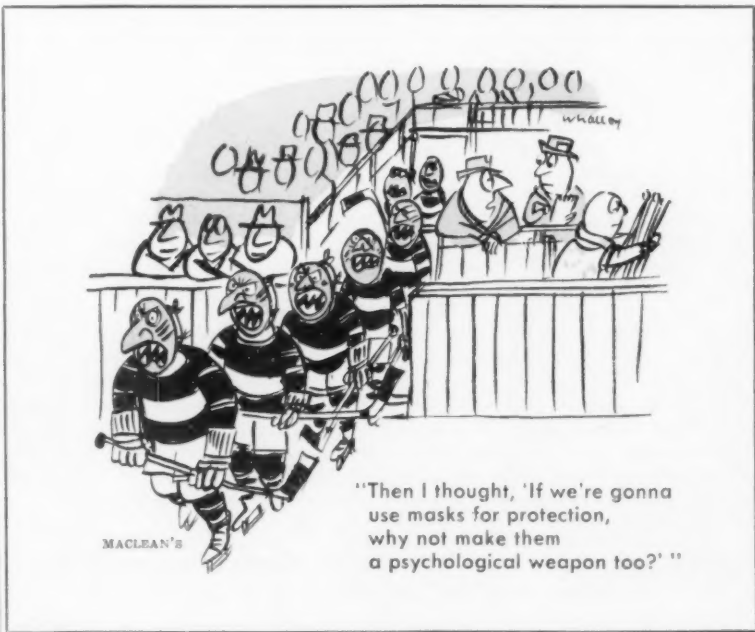
How much time did Japan have to learn political democracy? That, he said, would depend primarily upon the nation's economy and it depended entirely on the world market. "If we have an economic crisis," he warned, "there'll be a swing to extremes as before, but this time it'll be in the opposition direction—to the extreme left. There's nowhere else for us to go."

A very different sort of man, probably the nation's biggest industrialist—a daunting figure whose face was roughly carved of teak, his body shaped like a bronze Buddha—had grave doubts about the West. Japanese society, he said, had been liberated but corrupted by the well-meaning Americans, all discipline had been destroyed, all manners perverted, all the finest traditions of the race undermined by an excess of freedom.

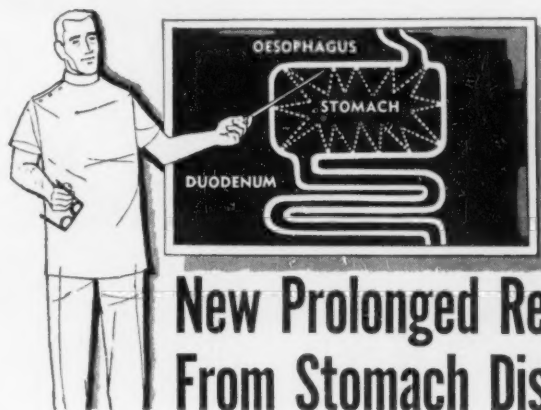
"No, not freedom," he exclaimed, "but license! The Americans were so anxious to give us freedom that they gave us laws that they wouldn't tolerate at home. Are communists allowed to lead big labor unions in the States? Well, they dominate some of our biggest unions here because the constitution forbids us to touch them. Why, the Americans made us abolish licensed prostitution and what do we have now? Venereal disease. Oh, they see their mistake in Washington now, but it's too late."

All these men convinced me only of an old platitude—the Japanese mind is forever incomprehensible to foreigners. Canada is dealing with a force as unknown as it is inescapable. Under all superficial change the Japanese character remains a curious mixture of hard realism and wild romanticism, of pride, humility, envy and ambition, but always behind these contradictions is a worship of Japan deeper, more passionate and mystical by far than our Canadian patriotism.

I remember the words of an ordinary, rather dull, businessman. Kneeling at my side he had offered a sake toast to Canada and then, suddenly, he had said: "Don't make any mistake about us, my friend. We have no inferiority complex. Right or wrong, we think we're the equal of any people anywhere. You Canadians can help us, we can help you, and for God's sake let's do it. But you can never stop us, or dominate us or humiliate us. We're Japanese!" ★



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Parade

What's the h.p. of true romance?

A young woman recently arrived from Britain says she had discounted all that talk about the materialistic attitude of Canadians today, until the evening of her first date. The young man showed her a wonderful time and she returned expectantly to the apartment she shares with several other girls, ready to answer their shrill cries of "What's he like?" Instead, the first thing her pals wanted to know was "What year car does he drive?"

* * *

The annual ladies' bonspiel of the Assiniboia, Sask. Curling Club is due any time now and is sure to draw added interest from the thrilling finale of last year's spiel. One rink maintained a winning streak by good curling and the loudly shouted commands of the skip, who kept up a running fire of orders to her rink throughout every game. They got right through to the finals when tragedy struck — the skip's voice gave out completely. Undismayed she whipped out a mouth organ and gave one loud clear note as the signal to sweep, and a loud unmusical crescendo to spur her rink to a super effort. Not only were the spectators delighted, but the trick worked — her team won the game and first prize in the bonspiel.

* * *

They're trying to merchandise another new do-it-yourself idea in Toronto, where twin-store windows on Queen near Duf-



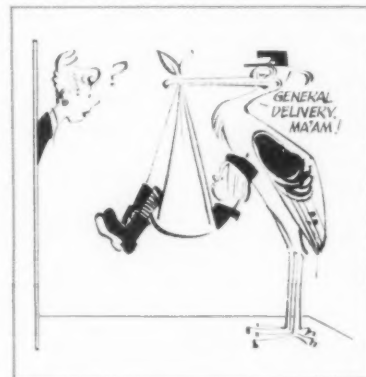
ferin advertise "Fish Pond" and "Fish and Chips."

* * *

A pleasant woman stopped by a Montreal optician's to pick up her new glasses and patiently waited fifteen minutes for her turn to be fitted. The busy optician saw a young man come in and speak to her urgently, then rush out again. Finally her turn came, but just in the middle of her fitting the young man burst into the inner office and yelled, "Mother, please!" and rushed out once again. "My son-in-law," the woman explained with a shrug as she took her leave.

"What's the matter — is he double parked?" the optician asked. His client shook her head. "No," she said. "We're on our way to the hospital with my daughter and she's having labor pains."

After a recent Saturday matinee in Timmins, Ont., one small movie patron got lost trying to find the right way home but she didn't panic, and instead



presented herself at the hospital. "But why did you come to the hospital?" she was asked by the sister in charge. "Well," replied the lost one, "I think I was born here."

* * *

The Good Lord had a baffling Sunday recently in Edmonton. While one United Church clergyman was demanding from his pulpit, "Why doesn't God do something?" another down the street was demanding just as fervently, "Why did God do it?"

* * *

Sign posted by a jut-jawed farmer in the Dawson Creek area of B. C. when the hunting season opened: "All bullets will be returned."

* * *

Credit is tight all over this land, and it isn't getting any looser for a luckless chap in Middleton, N.S., who recently asked a local finance company for a loan. The merchant whose name he gave as a reference promptly returned the questionnaire sent him by the finance company, having filled in only one comment: "Trust him the same as I did and you'll find out."

* * *

Despite tight money the building boom goes on and we've just heard about an ingenious builder in St. Boniface, Man., who was determined to get a house finished before winter closed in. He had the house completed as the first blizzard struck, but the lawn wasn't in. As the snow swept down he quickly ordered his men to throw a great tarpaulin over the pile of sod that had just been delivered. Then he installed a heater to keep it from freezing overnight. Next day his men swiftly transformed the muddy mass of clay into the makings of a lawn, all ready to start growing next spring.

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In the next issue



A POLICE CHIEF
TELLS HIS SIDE
OF THE STORY

Answering the frequent public charges of "police stupidity, dictatorial methods and sadistic tactics," Chief James Mackey, of Metropolitan Toronto Police, tells why he believes most citizens are solidly on his side; how headline-writers and TV dramatists often make the policeman's job unnecessarily tough; what ordinary citizens can do to help the police help them.

Read this frank
and absorbing story,
as told to Sidney Katz

in the next
MACLEAN'S
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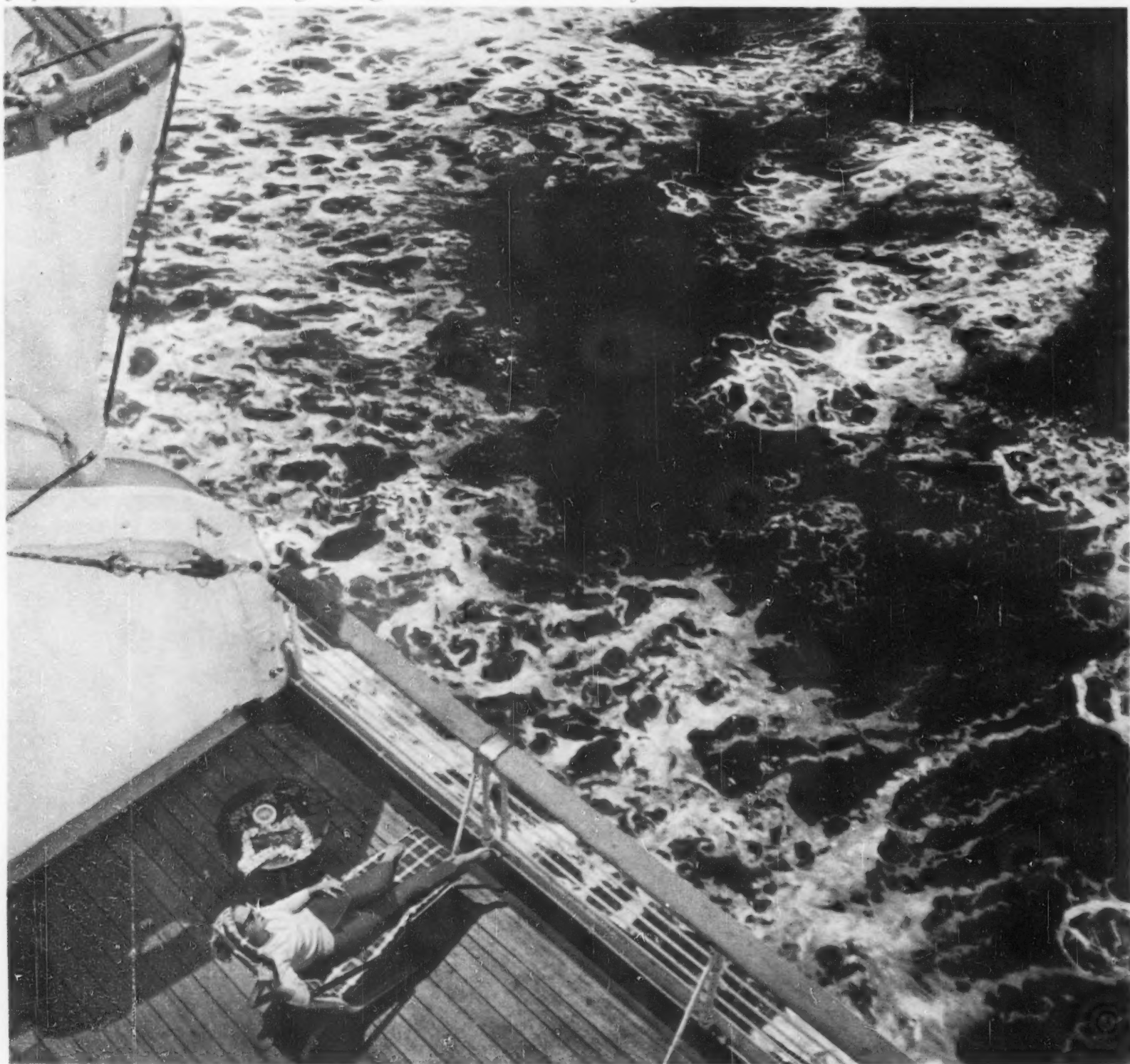
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